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W. T. Dale

Minstrelsy In Verse And Song

Being A Collection Of

Original Psalms, Hymns And Poems For The Home

Covering a Period of more then Fifty Years in Their Production

———o———

By the REV. Wm. THOS. DALE, D.D.

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DEDICATION

This humble offering is dedicated to my wife, Donie Orr Dale, who is caring for me so tenderly in my failing health, and has given valuable aid in the preparation of this book.

We have traveled side by side over twenty-seven years. May God bless and take care of her, is my prayer.

Wm. Thos. Dale.

FEB 14 '24

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No 1

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The author had no design originally of presenting to the public such a volume as the one here offered. But believing, from the many expressions received, that the effort would be approved by many pious hearts, he has arranged and published in book form the results of his labors covering the past fifty years.

These Psalms, hymns and poems have been written at different times, and under various circumstances, some by request, and others under the prompting of some circumstances or occasion suggesting it.

A number of these have appeared in various papers and magazines at the time of their being written, which called forth expressions of approval and commendation at the time.

It appears to the author upon a survey of the past that the germ of this work was implanted in his youth by his admiration of the Psalms, love of sacred poetry, and early induction into the art of writing measured verse.

With earnest devotion and prayerful study he applied himself to the work, not knowing, however, what would be the result of such labors. And having thus spent his leisure hours for more than fifty years he has succeeded in rendering a number of Psalms, and parts of Psalms, and other portions of Scripture into verse of various metres, which can be sung to the various sweet melodies of our own musical tongue. Each Psalm and hymn has the name of some tune connected with it to which it may be sung.

Dr. Nicholas Hardeman Murrey, a close, warm personal friend of the author, once wrote him thus: "Having examined your production of Psalms, hymns and poems, and being very much pleased with the arrangement, the beauty of verse, the vein of deep religious sentiment which flows throughout the entire work, and its adaptation to the uses for which it is designed, I take great pleasure in recommending it to the Church in general as well as to all lovers of sacred verse."

Dr. Murrey has himself written some beautiful hymns and poems; but he is now with those who, having finished their work below, have entered upon their reward in heaven.

We also mention the name of the Rev. M. B. DeWitt, D.D., from whose associations in our earlier years we gathered much inspiration and encouragement, who was

also gifted in verse and wrote a number of beautiful poems, such as "Little Feet," which the author set to music and published, "Forgotten Graves," and so on. He also wrote some hymns. But he, too, has finished his work here and has entered upon the "rest that remains to the people of God."

We might mention the names of many other dear brethren with whom we have been associated in our earlier years, but want of space forbids.

May the great King and Head of the Church approve this humble offering to the advancement of Zion and the promotion of the Divine glory is the prayer of the humble author.

WILLIAM THOMAS DALE.

Nashville, Tenn.

———o———

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PART I.

A FEW SELECT PSALMS IN PROSE.

Translated from the Hebrew.

Note.—This translation of a few of the Psalms was made while the author was reciting Hebrew to the Rev. Richard Beard, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology, Hebrew, etc., in Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., 1875-76. Some discrepancies between this and the Authorized Translation will be seen, which to the Hebrew student will appear obvious. The Hebrew parallelism is here retained, and the English style of versification dispensed with.

There are some words which will bear two or more translations. In such cases the various renderings are separated by the disjunctive "or," as, "Thou hast made him to want, or lack but little of God." The reader is left to decide in such cases, which is the more appropriate translation.

The word "selah," which occurs so often in the Psalms, and in some other portions of the Bible, means to rest or pause, and is not to be read. It meant to the Hebrew performer what the "rest" or "hold" in music means to the English performer.

It has been the author's purpose to make a complete prose version of the Book of Psalms, and then versify the whole. But pressing pastoral duties have prevented him from doing so. The following specimens will serve to show the kind of start he had made.

PSALM I.

Happy is the man who has not walked in the counsel
of wicked men,
And in the way of sinners has not stood
And in the seat of scogers has not sat;
And in the seat of the scornful has not sat;
And in His law he will meditate day and night.
And he shall be like a tree planted near streams of water,
Which will yield its fruit in its season,
And its leaf or foliage shall not wither, or dry up;
And every thing which he shall do shall prosper.
Not so with the wicked;
But they are like the chaff which the wind drives away;
Therefore wicked men shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation or assembly of righteous
men:
Because Jehovah knows the way of righteous men;
But the way of wicked men shall perish, or be destroyed.

PSALM II.

Why do the nations rage, or make a tumult?
And the people imagine a vain thing?
The kings of the earth will take their stand,
And rulers consult together,
Against Jehvoah and against his Messiah saying:
"Let us break their bands,
And cast their cords or fetters from us."
Sitting in the heavens He laughs,
The Lord shall mock them, or deride them;
Then He will speak unto them in His wrath,
And in His burning anger He will terrify them.
And I have constituted, or established my King upon
Zion,
My mountain of holiness.
I will declare concerning the decree Jehovah said to me,
"My Son Thou art;
This day I have begotten Thee:
Ask of Me and I will give nations for Thy heritage,
And the ends of the the earth for Thy possession;
Thou shalt break them with a rod or sceptre of iron;
Like the vessel of a potter Thou shalt dash, or shiver
them in pieces."
And now, O ye kings, be wise, (that is, act wisely)
Be admonished, O ye judges of the earth;
Kiss the Son, lest He be angry and ye perish by the way;
And rejoice ye with trembling;
Serve ye Jehovah with fear,
For His anger will soon be kindled;
Happy are all those trusting in Him.

PSALM III.

A Psalm of David.

In His Fleeing from Absalom His Son.

O Jehovah, how many are my foes!
How many are there rising up against me!
Many are saying to my soul,
"There is no help for him in God." Selah.
But Thou, O Jehovah, art a shield around me
My glory and the one elevating my head.
With my voice I will call unto Jehovah,
And He will hear me from His mountain of holiness. Selah.
I have laid me down and slept;
And I have awaked,
For Jehovah will sustain me.
I will not fear myriads of people
Whom they have placed round about against me.
Arise, O Jehovah, save me O my God;
For Thou hast smitten all my enemies on the cheek;
The teeth of the wicked Thou hast broken;
To Jehovah belongs the deliverance,
Thy blessing be upon Thy people. Selah.

PSALM IV.

To the Leader of Music with Stringed Instruments.

A Psalm of David.

In my calling hear me, O God of my righteousness;
In the straits Thou hast made a wide place for me;
Be gracious unto me and hear my prayer
Sons of men, how long shall my glory be converted into a reproach?
How long will ye love vanity?
How long will ye seek falsehood? Selah.
But know that Jehovah has separated to Himself the pious, or godly.
Jehovah will hear me in my calling unto Him.
Stand in awe, and sin not;
Commune with your own heart upon your bed and be still. Selah.
Sacrifice ye sacrifices of righteousness,
And trust ye in Jehovah.
Many are saying: "Who will show us any good?"
Lift upon us the light of Thy countenance, O Jehovah;
Thou hast put joy into my heart
More than in the time when their corn and their wine abounded.
In peace I will lie down and I will sleep,
For Thou, O Jehovah, alone in safety wilt make me dwell.

PSALM V.

To the Leader of Music With Pipes or Flutes.
A Psalm of David.

Hear my words, O Jehovah,
Give heed to my fervent cry;
Listen to the voice of my cry, my King and my God.
For unto Thee I will pray.
O Jehovah, in the morning Thou shalt hear my voice;
In the morning I will arrange, or direct my prayer to Thee,
And I will watch out, or look for an answer.
For Thou art not a God delighting in wickedness,
Evil shall not lodge, or dwell with Thee.
The proud shall not stand before Thine eyes;
Thou hast hated all evil doers.
Thou wilt destroy speakers of falsehood;
A blood thirsty and deceitful man Jehovah will abhor.
But as for me, in the abundance of Thy mercy, will I come into Thy house;
I will worship in Thy fear towards Thy holy temple.
O Jehovah, lead me in Thy righteousness because of mine enemies;
Make straight Thy way before my face,
For there is no certainty in their mouth,
Their heart is very wickedness,
Their throat is an open grave,
They make smooth their tongue;
Make them guilty, O God;
Let them fall by their counsels;
In the abundance of their sins thrust them forth,
For they have rebelled against Thee;
But all those trusting in Thee shall rejoice,
Let them ever sing for joy because Thou defendest them;
Let them also that love Thy name rejoice in Thee.
For Thou wilt bless the righteous, O Jehovah,
As with a shield so with favor Thou wilt encircle them.

PSALM VI.

To the Leader of Music with Stringed Instruments Upon the Eighth or Octave.
A Psalm of David.

O Jehovah ,reprove or correct me not in Thine anger,
And chasten me not in the heat of Thy wrath.
Pity me, O Jehovah, for I am languishing;
Heal me, O Jehovah, for my bones are vexed,
And my soul also is greatly vexed, or agitated.
But Thou, O Jehovah, how long?
Return, O Jehovah ,deliver my soul,

O save me for the sake of Thy mercy.
For in death there is no remembrance of Thee,
In the grave (sheol), who will confess Thee?
I am weary with my sighing;
I make my bed to swim every night,
With my tears I make my couch to flow;
Mine eye has failed from vexation ,or grief,
It grows old (becomes dim) because of all mine enemies.
Depart from me all ye workers of iniquity,
For Jehovah hath heard the voice of my weeping;
Jehovah hath heard my supplication;
Jehovah will receive my prayer.
Ashamed and exceedingly amazed shall be all my enemies;
They shall turn back, they shall be ashamed in a moment.

PSALM VII.

To the Leader of Music Upon the Gittith—a Stringed Instrument.

A Psalm of David.

O Jehovah, our Lord,
How excellent is Thy name in all the earth!
Who hast set Thy majesty above the heavens!
From the mouths of infants and sucklings Thou hast established strength
Because of Thine enemies,
To silence the enemy and the avenger,
When I see Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers,
The moon and the stars which Thou hast fixed,
What is man that Thou shouldst remember him?
And the Son of man that Thou shouldst visit him,
i. e. look after his wants?
And Thou hast made him to want, or lack but little of God. (Elohim.)
And hast crowned him with glory and honor.
Thou hast made him to rule over the works of Thy hands;
Thou hast placed all things under his feet,
All flocks of oxen, and also beasts of the field;
Birds of the heavens and fishes of the sea;
And everything passing through the paths of the seas.
O Jehovah, our Lord,
How excellent is Thy name in all the earth.

PSALM XI.

To the Leader of Music.
A Psalm of David.

In Jehovah I have trusted;
How will ye say to my soul,
"Flee as a bird to your mountain;"
For lo! the wicked bend the bow,
They have fixed their arrow upon the string,
That they may shoot from darkness at the upright in heart;
If the foundations (that support the right) be destroyed,
What can the righteous do?
Jehovah is in the palace or temple of His holiness,
Jehovah hath His throne in the heavens.
His eyes behold, his eyelids try the sons of men;
Jehovah will prove the righteous,
But the wicked and the lover of violence His soul hateth.
He will rain upon the wicked, snares (or lightning), fire and brimstone,
And a raging tempest, or blast of furies;
For righteous is Jehovah,
The portion of their cup.
Righteousness He loves;
The upright shall behold His face.

PSALM XIII.

To the Leader of Music.
A Psalm of David.

How long, O Jehovah, wilt Thou forget me? Unto eternity?
How long wilt Thou hide Thy face from me?
How long shall I take counsel in my soul,
Having sorrow in my heart all the day?
How long shall my enemy be exalted over me?
Consider and answer me, O Jehovah, my God;
Lighten my eyes lest I sleep the sleep of death,
Lest my enemy say, "I have overcome him;"
But in Thy mercy I have trusted;
Lest my adversary exult because I am moved.
Let my heart exult in Thy salvation;
I will sing unto Jehovah, for He has been good unto me.

PSALM XV.

A Psalm of David.

Jehovah, who shall sojourn in Thy tabernacle?
Who shall dwell in the mountain of Thy holiness?
He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness,
And speaketh the truth in his heart;
Who hath not slandered with his tongue,

Who hath not done his friend, or neighbor, evil,
And a reproach, or scandal, hath not taken up against his neighbor,
In whose eyes a reprobate is despised;
But he honors them that fear Jehovah.
He that sweareth to his own injury and changeth not;
He that putteth not out his money for usury,
Nor asketh a bribe against the innocent,
Doing all these things he shall not be moved to eternity.

PSALM XXII

To the Leader of Music on the Hind of the Dawn.
A Psalm of David.

This Psalm Beautifully Portrays the Suffering of the Saviour While He Was Upon the Cross.

My God, My God, for what hast Thou forsaken me?
For what art Thou so far from delivering me,
And from the words of my groaning?
O my God, I cry in the day time, but Thou answerest not,
And by night, but there is no rest to me.
But Thou art holy dwelling in the praises of Israel.
Our fathers trusted in Thee,
They trusted and Thou didst deliver them:
They cried unto Thee and were delivered;
They trusted in Thee and were not ashamed.
But I am a worm and not a man,
Reproached by men and despised by the people;
All they who see me laugh me to scorn,
They shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying
"Commit thy cause unto Jehovah; let Him deliver him,
He will save him, for He delights in him."
For Thou art breaking forth at birth
Making me to trust upon the breasts of my mother;
Upon Thee I was cast from my birth;
From my birth Thou hast been my God,
Be not far from me, for distress is near;
And there is no one to help.
Many bulls have encompassed me,
Strong bulls of Bashan have surrounded me,
They have opened upon me their mouths,
As a lion rending and roaring,
Like water I am poured out,
And all my bones have separated,
My heart has become like wax melted in the midst of me;
My strength is dried like a potsherd (fragment of earthen vessel),
And my tongue is adhering to my jaws,
Thou wilt place me in the dust of death;

For dogs have surrounded me
An assembly of wicked men have encircled me;
They pierced my hands and my feet,
I number all my bones while they look and stare upon me.
They divide my garments among themselves,
And upon my vesture they cast lots;
But Thou, O Jehovah, be not far from me,
O my strength, make haste to help me.
Deliver my soul from the sword,
My life from the hand of the dog;
Save me from the mouth of the lion;
For Thou hast answered me by saving me from the horns of the wild-oxen;
I will declare Thy name to my brethren,
In the midst of the congregation I will praise Thee;
Ye that fear Jehovah, praise Him;
All the seed of Jacob, glorify Him;
And be afraid of Him all the seed of Israel,
For He has not despised nor abhorred the suffering of the sufferer;
And He has not hidden His face from him,
And in his crying unto Him He heard him;
From Thee shall be my praise in the great congregation
My vows I will pay before them that fear Him,
The humble shall eat and be satisfied;
They shall praise Jehovah who seek Him,
May your heart live forever,
All the ends of the earth shall remember and return unto Jehovah;
And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before Thee,
For unto Jehovah is the kingdom,
And He is Governor among the nations;
All the fat of earth shall eat and worship;
All going down to the dust shall bow before Him,
And he who could not save his soul alive;
A seed shall serve Him,
It shall be related of the Lord to the next generation,
They shall come and shall declare His righteousness to a people born that He hath done this.

PSALM XXIII.

A Psalm of David.

Jehovah is my Shepherd,
I shall not suffer want;
He will make me to lie down in green pastures;
He will lead me by waters of repose;
He will cause my soul to return;
He will lead me in straight paths for His name's sake;

Also when I walk through the valley of the shadow of
death I will fear no evil,
For Thou wilt be with me,
Thy rod and Thy staff they will comfort me;
Thou wilt spread a table before me in the presence of
mine enemies,
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup is overflowing.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days
of my life,
And I shall dwell in the house of Jehovah unto the length
of days (as long as I live).

PSALM XLVI.

To the Leader of Music. To the Sons of Korah: Upon
Alamoth, i. e. Virgins, denoting Soprano or
Treble Voices.
A Song.

God is for us a refuge and strength,
A help in distresses He has been found exceedingly;
Therefore we will not fear in the commotions of earth,
And in the moving of mountains in the heart of seas,
Let the waters thereof rage and be troubled,
Let the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.
There is a river whose brooks shall gladden the city of
God,
The holy place of the dwellings of the Most High.
God is in the midst of her,
She shall not be moved;
God will help her at the turning of the morning.
The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved.
He gave a sound with His voice, the earth melted.
Jehovah of hosts is with us,
An altitude for us is the God of Jacob. Selah.
Come, see the works of Jehovah,
Who hath made desolations in the earth;
Stilling wars to the end of the earth.
He will break the bow and cut the spear;
The chariot will burn in the fire.
Be still—desist—and know that I am God;
I will be exalted in the nations,
I will be exalted in the earth.
Jehovah of hosts is with us:
An altitude for us is the God of Jacob. Selah.

PSALM LXXII.

By Solomon.

O God, give Thy judgments to the king,
And Thy righteousness to the son of the king;
He shall judge Thy people in righteousness,

And Thy afflicted ones in the exercise of justice.
The mountains shall bring forth peace to the people,
And the hills shall bring forth righteousness,
He shall judge the poor of the people,
He shall deliver the sons of the needy,
And shall break in pieces the oppressor;
They shall fear Thee while the sun endureth,
And while the moon shall give her light throughout all generations.
He shall descend like rain upon the mown meadow;
As showers that water the earth;
In His days the righteous shall flourish,
And abundance of peace until the moon shall fail.
And He shall rule from sea to sea,
And from the river unto the ends of the earth.
The inhabitants of the desert (nomades) shall bow before Him,
And his enemies shall lick the dust.
The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents,
The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts;
And all kings shall bow down before Him.
All nations shall serve Him.
For He shall deliver the needy when he crieth,
And the poor that hath no helper;
He will have mercy upon the poor and needy,
And the souls of the needy He will save;
He will redeem their souls from oppression and violence,
And their blood shall be precious in His sight.
And He shall live, and to Him shall be given the gold of Sheba;
And intercessions shall be made for Him continually,
All the day shall He be blessed.
There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains;
The fruit of it shall shake like Lebanon.
And they from the cities shall flourish like the grass of the earth.
His name shall endure forever,
His name shall continue as long as the sun;
And men shall be blessed in Him;
All nations shall call Him blessed.
Blessed be Jehovah, God, the God of Israel,
Who alone doeth wonders;
And blessed be His glorious name forever,
And let all the earth be filled with His glory.
Amen and amen!
The prayers of David the son of Jesse are finished.

PSALM CX.

By David, a Psalm.

Jehovah said to my Lord, "Sit Thou at my right hand,
Until I make Thine enemies a stool for Thy feet.
Jehovah will send forth the rod of Thy strength from Zion,
Rule Thou in the midst of Thine enemies.
Thy people offer themselves willingly in the day of Thy power.
In the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning,
Thou hast the dew of Thy youth.
Jehovah hath sworn and will not change,
"Thou art a Priest forever,
According to the order of Melchizedek."
The Lord at Thy right hand shall smite through kings in the day of His anger.
He shall judge among the nations,
He shall fill the way with dead bodies,
He shall drink from the brook in the way;
Therefore He shall lift up the head.

PSALM CXVII.

Praise Jehovah all ye Gentiles,
Laud Him all ye people;
Because His mercy is great on high toward us;
And the faithfulness of Jehovah endures forever.
Hallelujah!

PSALM CXXVI.

A Song of the Ascents.

When Jehovah returned the returning of Zion,
We were like them that dream.
Then our mouth was filled with laughter,
And our tongue with singing.
Then they said among the nations,
"Jehovah hath done great things for them:"
Jehovah hath done great things for us of which we are glad.
Jehovah, return our returning like the streams of the south.
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy;
He that goes forth with weeping, scattering the seed,
Shall come with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him.

PSALM CXXXI.

A Song of the Ascents.

Jehovah, my heart is not proud, and my eyes are not lofty,
Neither do I exercise myself in great matters,

Or in things too wonderful for me;
Surely I have behaved and quieted myself
As a child that is weaned of its mother;
My soul is like a weaned child.
Let Israel hope in Jehovah from this time forth, even
forevermore.

PSALM CXXXIII.

A Song of the Ascents.
By David.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is
For brethren to dwell together in unity;
Like the fragrant ointment upon the head,
That flowed down to the beard,
Even Aaron's beard,
Flowing down upon the collar of his garments.
of Zion,
Like the dew of Hermon that fell upon the mountains
For there Jehovah commanded the blessing,
Even life forevermore.

PSALM CXXXIV.

A Song of the Ascents.

Behold! bless ye Jehovah,
All ye servants of Jehovah,
Who stand by night in the house of Jehovah,
Lift up your hands in the sanctuary,
And bless ye Jehovah,
Jehovah, who made heaven and earth,
Bless thee out of Zion.

PSALM CXXXVII.

A Song of Captivity.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down,
Yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.
We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst;
Because our captors demanded a song,
And our oppressors rejoicing, saying,
"Sing for us a song of Zion."
How shall we sing the song of Jehovah in a foreign land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget its skill; (how to play the
harp).
Let my tongue adhere to the roof of my mouth,
If I do not remember thee;
If I prefer not Jerusalem
Above my highest joy.
Remember, O Jehovah, the sons of Edom,
Who in the day of Jerusalem did say:
"Demolish, demolish to the foundation of it."

O daughter of Babylon, soon to be destroyed:
Happy he who shall render to thee according to thy deserts,
Happy he who shall take and dash thy children against the stones.

———o———

PART II.

A SELECTION OF PSALMS.

Rendered into English Verse.

"Take a Psalm, and bring hither the Timbrel, the pleasant Harp with the Psaltery." Psa. 81:2.

1 RIGHTEOUS AND WICKED CONTRASTED. L. M.

Psalm 1. Tune, Hebron

1 How blest the man who never strays
Where impious counsel tempts his feet;
Who stands not in the sinner's ways,
Nor with the scoffer takes his seat.

2 But on Jehovah loves to wait
And muse upon His holy law;
Both day and night to meditate
His word with sweet and reverent awe.

3. He shall be like the tree that grows
Where streams of water gently glide;
Which plenteous fruit in season shows,
And ever green its leaves abide.

4 Thus prospering blessings shall attend
The good man's work while here below;
And spring with joys that never end,
While ceaseless ages onward flow.

5 Not so with all the scoffing race,
Like chaff before the wind they fly;
Hence they the judgment can not face,
Nor mingle with the saints on high.

6 The way is known and loved of God,
In which the righteous love to go;
But crooked paths by sinners trod,
Shall end in everlasting woe.

2. **SAME SUBJECT.** C. M.

Psalm 1. Tune, Ortonville.

1. How blest the man who doth refuse
To walk with impious feet;
Who shuns the paths which sinners choose,
Nor takes the scoffer's seat.

2 But on Jehovah loves to wait,
And muse upon His law;
Both day and night to meditate
His word with reverent awe.

3. He shall be like the tree that springs
Where waters glide serene;
Which plenteous fruit in season brings,
Whose leaf is ever green.

4. The work his hands pursue below
Prosperity attends;
The way in which he loves to go
Has joy that never ends.

5 Not so the wicked and profane,
Like winnowed chaff they fly;
Hence they in judgment shall not stand,
Nor dwell with saints on high.

6 The way in which the righteous go
Is known and loved of God;
But crooked ways shall end in woe
That are by sinners trod.

3. **SAME SUBJECT.** H. M.

Psalm 1. Tune, Lennox.

1 Blest man who doth refuse
To walk with impious feet;
Nor stands where sinners choose,
Nor takes the scoffer's seat:
But on Jehovah loves to wait,
And on His Word will meditate.

2 He like a tree shall grow,
Where waters glide serene;
Whose boughs their clusters show,
Whose leaf is ever green:
Prosperity his work shall crown,
And lead him on to high renown.

3 Not so the scoffing clan,
Like winnowed chaff they fly;

Nor can in judgment stand,
Nor dwell with saints on high:
While God invites His saints to heaven,
The wicked shall to hell be driven.

4. **SAME SUBJECT.** L. M., 6 lines.
Psalm 1. Tune, Nazareth.

1 How blest the man who doth not stray,
Where wicked counsel leads the way;
Who does not walk with impious feet,
Nor with the scoffers take his seat:
But in God's law takes sweet delight,
And meditates both day and night.

2 He shall be like the tree that grows,
Whose boughs their timely clusters bear,
Where living water gently flows;
Whose leaves perpetual verdure share.
Thus prospering blessings shall pursue
Whate'er the righteous man shall do.

3 Not so the wicked, scoffing race,
For they cannot the judgment face;
But like the winnowed chaff they fly,
Nor can they dwell with saints on high.
God loves the way the righteous go,
But sinners' ways shall end in woe.

5. **OPPOSITION TO CHRIST.** S. M.
Psalm 2:1-6. Tune, Laban.

1 Why do the nations rage?
Why do the people mind?
The kings of earth in plots engage
And rulers are combined:

2 Against the Lord they speak,
Against His Christ they say,
Their bands asunder let us break,
And cast their cords away.

3 The Lord who sits on high,
Shall laugh at their designs;
He then in anger will reply,
And vex their hearts and minds.

4 "Though you my power disdain,
And rise against my will;
Yet I have set my King to reign
Upon my holy hill."

6. **CHRIST EXALTED TO REIGN.** S. M.
Psalm 2:7-12. Tune, Boylston.

1 Jehovah said to me,
His words I will make known;
"This day I have begotten Thee,
Thou are my only Son.

2 "Ask me, and I'll make Thine
The ends of earth afar;
I'll give to Thee earth's utmost line,
In answer to Thy prayer.

3 "Rule o'er Thy haughty foes,
Subdue them with Thy rod;
Till none shall dare Thy reign oppose,
In all the earth abroad."

4 Let kings and judges, too,
The Lord with reverence fear;
And pay the Son the homage due,
Lest He in wrath appear.

5 You'll perish by the way,
If once His anger flames;
Blest are all they, and only they,
Whose trust is in His name.

7. **A MORNING PSALM.** C. P. M.
Psalm 3. Tune, Ariel.

1 O Lord, my foes are multiplied,
They close on me on every side,
And seek to take my life;
But in th' asylum of my God,
I'll rest secure from foes abroad,
Nor fear domestic strife.

2 How many to my soul have said,
"His God no more shall be his aid,"
Yet I will trust in Thee;
For Thou my shield and glory, Lord,
Wilt raise my head and help afford;
Lord, come and rescue me.

3 To God I raised my suppliant breath,
He heard and rescued me from death,
And I His praises sing:
Though myriads of my foes draw near,
Their threatening hosts I will not fear,
For God will safety bring.

4 I laid me down and sweetly slept,
I woke, for God my slumbers kept,
Through watches of the night;
And now I haste at dawn of day,
My morning sacrifice to pay,
With incense in His sight.

5. Arise, O Lord, save me, my God,
My hellish foes have felt Thy rod,
And I securely rest:
From God shall my salvation flow,
Thy blessing on Thy saints bestow,
And then they shall be blest.

8. **AN EVENING PSALM.** C. M.

Psalm 4. **Tune, Arlington**

1 O righteous God, I come to Thee,
O hear my earnest prayer;
In pressures Thou hast set me free,
Again bow down Thine ear.

2 How long, ye sons of men, will ye,
My glory turn to shame?
How long delight in vanity,
And falsehood love to frame?

3 But know the Lord has set apart
The pious for His own;
His answers cheer my drooping heart,
When I address His throne.

4 Then rage no more, but flee from sin,
And when reclined at rest,
Turn ye your searching thoughts within,
And still your troubled breast.

5 With sacrifices come to God,
And trust Jehovah's grace;
While thousands ask to see some good,
Lord, show Thy smiling face.

6 More joy has filled my raptured heart,
More peace in Thee I've found,
Than all their corn and wine impart,
When fruitful fields abound.

7 I lay me down to peaceful sleep,
To find my needful rest;
For Thou wilt me in safety keep,
And make me truly blest.

9. **FOR THE SABBATH MORNING.** S. M.

Psalm 5:1-3, 7, 11, 12. Tune, St. Thomas.

1 Lord, hear me while I sing,
My fervent cry attend;
O hear my voice, my God and King,
While now my prayers ascend.

2 At morning's early light,
Thou, Lord, my voice shalt hear;
As morning incense in Thy sight,
Shall rise my early prayer.

3 And in Thy boundless grace
I will frequent Thy house;
There I will seek Thy gracious face,
And pay to Thee my vows.

4 Let all who trust in Thee
Aloud their joys proclaim;
And sing unto eternity,
Who love Thy holy name.

5 The righteous shall be crowned
With blessings from Thy store;
As with a shield Thou wilt surround,
And keep them evermore.

10. **THE MAJESTY OF GOD.** L. M.

Psalm 8. Tune, Fairfield.

(See No. 8 in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 O Lord, our Lord, through all the world,
How glorious is Thy name unfurled;
And far beyond the starry skies,
Thine own infinite glories rise.

2 Out of the mouth of children young,
And from the infant's lisping tongue,
Thou hast established strength and skill,
The bold blasphemer's rage to still.

3 When I behold the worlds of light,
Which Thine own hands have made so bright;
The moon and stars with brightness crowned,
Which nightly course their destined round.

4 Lo! what is man that in Thy grace,
His humble lot should find a place?
Or what the son of man that he
Should thus be visited by Thee?

5 Next to Thyself Thou hast him made,
With honor Thou hast crowned his head;
Made lord of all things here he stands,
All creatures bow to his commands.

6 The beasts that in the field abide,
And every bird of every tribe;
The fish that cleave the mighty deep;
And all that through the ocean sweep.

7 O Lord, our Lord, through all the world,
How glorious is Thy name unfurled!
Thy glory gilds creation o'er,
Let heaven and earth Thy name adore.

Note—This Psalm was versified at the request of my friend and brother, the Rev. W. M. Robison, to whom it is hereby inscribed as a testimonial of due respect.

11. THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED. C. M.

Psalm 11. Tune, Warwick.

1 My trust is in the Lord Most High,
Why tell my soul with pride,
"Away to some lone mountain fly,
Flee like a bird and hide."

2 The wicked now have bent the bow,
And ready fixed the dart;
Their arrows through the darkness go,
To pierce the upright heart.

3 If seats of justice be o'erthrown,
What can the righteous do?
The Lord in heaven has fixed His throne,
And reigns in Zion, too.

4 The Lord beholds and tries men's sons,
And searches every heart;
He proves and saves all righteous ones,
But sinners shall depart.

5 On wicked men the Lord will pour
Brimstone and fiery pain;
And burning tempests evermore,
Their portion shall remain.

6 Because in righteousness the Lord
Will ever take delight;
And He with favor will regard
The upright in His sight.

12. **SAME SUBJECT.** 7s.
Psalm 11. Tune, Tigert.

1 In Jehovah I confide,
How say ye with scornful pride,
"Flee as birds and seek your nest
In the mountain of your rest."

2 For the wicked bend their bow,
While in darkness they lie low;
They on strings their arrows fit,
The upright in heart to hit.

3 Were the pillars overthrown,
Then the saints should be cast down;
God who reigns in heaven still,
Sets His throne on Zion's hill.

4 God beholds and tries men's sons,
Proves and saves all righteous ones;
But the violent He hates,
Leaves the wicked in their straits.

5 On the wicked He shall rain
Brimstone, snares and fiery pain;
Burning anger is their cup,
These shall fill their portion up.

6 Righteousness the Lord approves,
The upright in heart He loves;
Hence they shall His face behold
With the angels in His fold.

13. **SAME SUBJECT.** S. M.
Psalm 11. Tune, Zuar, or Kentucky.

1 In God I put my trust,
How tell my soul with pride,
"Flee like a bird and seek your nest,
On yonder mountain hide."

2 The wicked bend the bow,
And fix the poisoned dart;
They aim to lay the righteous low,
And pierce the upright heart.

3 Were government destroyed,
The saints should be cast down;
But God in Zion makes abode,
The heavens are His throne.

4 God sees and tries men's sons,
And searches every heart;

He proves and saves all righteous ones,
But sinners shall depart.

5 He on the sinner's head
Shall fire and brimstone rain;
And burning tempests filled with dread,
Their portion shall remain.

6 For righteous is the Lord,
As by His works is told;
He will the righteous well reward,
They shall His face behold.

14. **HIDINGS OF GOD'S FACE.** C. M.

Psalm 13. Tune, Balerma.

1 How long wilt Thou forget me, Lord?
How long shall I complain?
Thy mercy shall I not record,
But seek Thy face in vain?

2 My God, how long shall toil and care
My troubled mind employ?
How long shall grief my heart impair,
While foes exult with joy?

3 Jehovah, now incline Thine ear,
And hear my suppliant breath;
Now light impart, lest darkness near
I sleep the sleep of death.

4 Lest that my enemies rejoice,
And glory to prevail;
When midst their persecuting voice,
My troubled soul shall fail.

5 Because I on Thy mercy rest,
To me salvation bring;
Then shall my soul be largely blest,
And I Thy praise will sing.

15. **THE CITIZEN OF ZION.** L. M.

Psalm 15. Tune, Sessions.

1 Who shall ascend the hill of God,
And dwell in His divine abode?
The man who walks in righteousness,
Whose heart and lips the truth express.

2 Who hath not slandered with his tongue,
Who hath not done his neighbor wrong;

Who shuns the vile, the just supports,
And never takes up false reports.

3 Who to his oath, though injured, stands,
And never wrongs to fill his hands;
Who does these things shall be approved,
Shall stand secure and not be moved.

16. **CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.** C. M.
Psalm 22:1, 2, 6-8, 11, 16-18. Tune, Mear.

1 My God, my God, why now forsake,
And stand from me so far?
O why wilt Thou no pity take,
Nor hear my earnest prayer?

2 O God, I call to Thee by day,
But I no answer find;
And when by night I weep and pray,
Cares still employ my mind.

3 But I'm a worm, and not a man,
Reproached on every side;
I'm scorned by all the scoffing clan,
Who all my hopes deride.

4 "He trusted in the Lord to save,
And guide him to the end,
Now let Him rescue from the grave,
If true, He is his friend."

5 Why dost Thou stand so far ,O Lord,
When trouble is so near?
O come, Thy gracious help afford,
And save me from my fear.

6 For dogs have compassed me around,
The wicked round me meet;
And while no help in Thee is found,
They pierce my hands and feet.

7 While melts within my aching heart,
On me they look and stare;
My garments they asunder part,
By lot my vesture share.

17. **THE SHEPHERD'S PSALM.** L. M.
Psalm 23. Tune, Sessions.

1 The Lord my Shepherd will provide
For all my wants while here below;
In verdant pastures I abide,

Where streams of quiet waters flow.

2 My wandering soul he bringeth back,
Whene'er in folly's paths I stray;
And leads me for His own name's sake,
In His most holy, righteous way.

3 When walking through death's gloomy vale,
My spirit there shall fear no ill;
For there Thy presence shall not fail,
Thy rod and staff shall cheer me still.

4 For me a table Thou hast spread,
In presence of my bitter foes;
With oil Thou dost anoint my head.
My cup with blessings overflows.

5 Such goodness on my head bestowed,
Shall surely prosper all my days;
And I shall come to His abode,
And there forever speak His praise.

Note—This Psalm was versified May 18, 1866, in the author's 21st year, and was his first effort at sacred poetry. It has no doubt led to the production of this little volume.

18. **SAME SUBJECT.** C. M.

Psalm 23. Tune, Avon.

1 My Shephrd is the Lord Most High,
And I no want shall know;
In pastures green He makes me lie,
Where quiet waters flow.

2 My wandering soul He bringeth back,
Whene'er I go astray;
And leads me for His own name's sake,
In His most pure and righteous way.

3 When walking through death's gloomy vale,
No evil will I fear;
For there Thy presence shall not fail,
Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.

4 For me a table Thou hast spread
In presence of my foes;
With oil Thou dost anoint my head,
My cup of joy o'erflows.

5 Goodness and mercy shall not cease,
But all my days attend;

And I shall reach Thy courts in peace,
And joys that never end.

Note—This No. published in Songs of Beulah Land, No. 126.

19. **SAME SUBJECT.** L. M.

Psalm 23. Tune, Hebron.

1 My Shepherd is the Lord Most High,
And all my wants shall be supplied;
In pastures green He makes me lie,
And leads by streams which gently glide.

2 My wandering soul He bringeth back
Whene'er in sinful paths I stray;
And leads me for His own names sake,
In His most pure and righteous way.

3 When walking through death's gloomy vale,
My spirit there no ill shall fear;
For there Thy presence shall not fail,
Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.

4 For me a table Thou hast spread
In presence of my bitter foes;
With oil Thou dost anoint my head,
My cup of blessing overflows.

5 The bounties of Thy gracious love,
Shall crown my days while here below;
And I shall reach Thy courts above,
Where streams of pleasures ever flow.

20. **SAME SUBJECT.** 8s & 7s, Iambic.

Psalm 23. Tune, Shining Shore.

1 Jehovah is my constant Guide,
And He my Shepherd feeds me;
He makes me in green fields abide,
And by still waters leads me.

Chorus—And while my Shepherd's at my side,
There's nothing that can harm me;
And when I cross death's chilling tide,
No evil shall alarm me.

2 Whene'er in sinful paths I stray,
He's ready to restore me;
For His name's sake His own right way
Hath pointed out before me.

4 My foes behold my table spread,
With food Thou art bestowing;

With oil Thou dost anoint my head,
My cup is overflowing.

5 The bounties of Thy gracious love,
Are all my days attending;
And I shall reach Thy courts above,
And joys that are unending.

21. **SAME SUBJECT.** L. M.
Psalm 23:1, 2, 4-6. Tune, Mt. Olivet.
"Children's Hosannas," No. 62.

1 The Lord's my Shepherd and my Guide,
And He hath all my wants supplied;
He makes me lie in pastures green,
Where streams of water glide serene.

2 Thy rod and staff shall be my aid,
When passing through death's gloomy shade;
My spirit there no ill shall fear,
For Thou, O Lord, wilt still be near.

3 Thy love and mercy shall attend
My days on earth till life shall end;
And in the temple of Thy grace,
I'll ever make my dwelling place.

22. **SAME SUBJECT.** S. M.
Psalm 23: 1, 2, 4, _. Tune, Dennis.

1 My Shepherd and my Friend,
Hath all my wants supplied;
And constant to my latest end,
My footsteps He will guide.

2 When passing death's dark shade,
My soul shall fear no ill;
His rod and staff shall be my aid,
His presence cheer me still.

3 The bounties of His love
Shall follow where I go;
And I shall dwell in heaven above,
Where joys forever flow.

23. **THE CITIZEN OF ZION.** L. M.
Psalm 24: 1-6. Tune, Duke Street.

1 The earth with all its wealth is God's,
For He hath built it on the floods;
He based it on the watery plains,
Where it abides and firm remains.

2 Who shall ascend His holy place,
And dwell within His courts of grace?
He that is pure in hand and heart,
And from his oath will not depart.

3 He shall with his Redeemer reign,
And full salvation shall obtain;
These are the people and the race,
O Jacob's God, that seek Thy face.

24. **CHRIST'S ASCENSION TO GLORY.** L. M.
Psalm 24:7-10. Tune, Ascenson Psalm.
(See No. 95 in "The Songs of Zion.")

Choir.

1 High raise your heads, ye lofty gates,
For see, the King of glory waits;
Ye everlasting doors arise,
And make a passage through the skies.

Congregation.

2 But hark. the heavenly hosts inquire,
"Who is this mighty, conquering King?"
In cheerful strains the answering choir,
Lift high their voice and thus they sing:

Choir.

3 He is the Lord of boundless might
High raise your heads, ye gates of light;
He conquered death, and hell, and sin,
Ye shining doors receive Him in.

Congregation.

4 But hark! again ,the angels say,
"Who is this mighty, conquering King,
Who rises to the realms of day,
Whose praise with such applause ye sing?"

All together.

5 The Lord of boundless power possessed
God over all forever blest;
The mighty God of hosts renowned,
The King of endless glory crowned.

25. **PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.** L. M.
Psalm 25: 4-11. Tune, Windham.

1 O Lord, to me Thy ways make known,
Thy righteous truths to me relate;
For Thou my Saviour art alone,
On Thee, O Lord, I daily wait.

2 O Lord, remember in Thy grace,
Thy tender mercies manifold;
And all Thy loving kindnesses,
For they have been from days of old.

3 O Lord, my sins of youth forget,
Nor sins of riper years record;
Oh, think of me in mercy great,
E'en for Thy goodness sake, O Lord.

4 The Lord is good and just indeed,
His way He will to sinners show;
The meek in judgment He will lead,
And cause their heart His way to know.

5 Because the paths of God the Lord,
Mercy and truth to those will prove,
Who will His covenant regard,
And all His testimonies love.

6 And now for sake of Thy great name,
O God, Jehovah, I entreat,
From all transgressions me redeem,
Although my sins are very great.

26. "I WILL GUIDE THEE WITH MINE EYE." 7s, with Chorus.

Psalm 32:8. For Tune, see "Gospel Shower" 165.
A Paraphrase.

1 I'm a pilgrim here below,
Traveling through this vale of woe;
But my Father's ever nigh,
And I hear His loving cry.

Chorus—"I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with mine eye;
In the way I will instruct thee,
I gill guide thee from on high.

2 Oft my path is dark and drear,
And my heart is filled with fear;
Yet I hear my Saviour's voice,
And His words my heart rejoice:

"I will guide thee," etc.

3 When the fearful tempest blows,
When my enemies oppose;

While the storm is passing by,
Still I hear my Saviour nigh—

"I will guide thee," etc.

4 When I tread death's gloomy vale,
Still His presence shall not fail;
Then His staff will be my stay,
And I'll hear my Savious say:

"I will guide thee," etc.

27. THE NIGHT OF WEEPING. 10s.

Psalm 30:5. "Times of Refreshing" 35.

"For His anger endureth but a moment: in His favor is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." A Paraphrase.

1 Weeping may last for a night in the vale,
But there is joy in the morning for thee;
Press onward, though sorrows assail,
Jesus thy light and thy glory shall be.

Refrain—Joy cometh in the morning,
Joy cometh in the morning,
Weeping shall last but a night in the vale,
Joy cometh in the morning.

2 For but a moment His anger shall last,
Gladness He'll give thee at mornings bright dawn;
Lo! when the night of thy weeping is past,
Thou shalt awake and thy sorrows be gone.

"Joy cometh in the morning," etc.

3 Lo! when the night of this life shall be o'er,
Thou shalt awake on the morning of rest;
Shalt view the land from that beautiful shore,
And with the image of Jesus be blest.

"Joy cometh in the morning," etc.

4 Oh, haste thee on in the heavenly way,
Earnestly seeking thy home in the sky;
Pilgrim's now passed through the portals of day,
Joyfully rest in th emansions on high.

"Joy cometh in the morning," etc.

5 Kindred and loved ones are gathering home,
One after one they are passing away;

Freed from their labors they rest at the throne,
Dwelling in peace in the regions of day.

"Joy cometh in the morning," etc.

28. C. M., with Ref.

PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

Psalm 40:1-3. Tune, "Cleansing Fountain."

1 On God I called with heart resigned,
And patiently did bear;
At length to me His ear inclined,
And heard my fervent prayer.

Refrain—From miry clay of sin,
He saved my sinking feet;
And on the Rock of Ages safe
I now His love repeat.

2 He took me from a fearful pit,
From deep and miry clay;
Upon a rock He made me sit,
And showed my feet the way.

Refrain, etc.

3 He filled my mouth with rapturous lays,
And I His wonders tell;
His name I will forever praise,
Who saved my soul from hell.

Refrain, etc.

29. GOD OUR REFUGE. L. M.

Psalm 46. Tune, Rockingham.

1 God has our strength and refuge proved,
In all distress has been our aid;
Therefore, although the earth be moved,
We will not fear or be dismayed.

2 Let mountains from their bases hurled,
Rush down the dark, unfathomed tide;
Let rising billows shake the world,
In perfect peace we will abide.

3 A river flows whose gentle streams
Make glad the city of our God;
The holy place where glory beams,
Where God Most High makes His abode.

4 Jehovah in her midst doth dwell,
Her firm foundations He sustains;
The Lord of hosts our foes will quell,
Whose timely help her peace maintains.

5 The earth was stirred through all her coasts,
His dreadful voice her fury quelled;
We have with us the Lord of hosts,
And Jacob's God our foes repelled.

6 Behold the wondrous works of God,
What desolations He hath made;
For over all the earth abroad,
He hath His mighty power displayed.

7 To tranquil peace the war He turns,
He breaks the bow and cuts the spear;
In fire the blood-stained chariot burns,
That all may reverence Him with fear.

8 "Desist, for I am King of kings,
I'll reign o'er all the earth abroad;
The Lord of hosts our safety brings,
Our refuge high is Jacob's God.

30. **SAME SUBJECT.** C. M.

Psalm 46. Tune, Dunlap's Creek.

1 God will our strength and refuge prove,
In straits a present aid;
And though the trembling earth remove,
We will not be afraid.

2 Though hills amidst the seas be cast,
And waters rage and roar;
Though billows shake the mountains vast,
That rise along the shore.

3 A river flows whose streams supply
The city of our God;
The holy place where God Most High
Forever makes abode.

4 God has in her His dwelling made,
And she shall ever stand;
Her God shall early give her aid,
And will her peace command.

5 When heathen raged and kingdoms moved,
He scattered allied powers;

The Lord of hosts our help hath proved,
And Jacob's rock is ours.

6 Behold the wondrous works of God!
The desolations made;
For over all the earth abroad,
He hath His power displayed.

7 From earth the scourge of war He takes,
And tranquil peace returns;
The spear He cuts, the bow He breaks,
In fire the chariot burns.

8 "Desist, for I am King of kings,
Earth shall exalt me thus:"
And Jacob's God who safety brings,
Will ever dwell with us.

31. ASCENSION AND EXALTATION OF CHRIST. C. M.

Psalm 47. Tune, Azmon.

1 Oh! all ye nations, clap your hands,
To God with triumph sing;
He reigns supreme o'er all the lands,
The sovereign, mighty King.

2 He will subdue the people's rage,
From heathen nations save;
He will select our heritage,
His love to Jacob gave.

3 With shouts of joy ascends our King,
With trumpets sounding high;
Sing praise to God, His praises sing,
Who rules the earth and sky.

4 Oh, sing His praise in joyful strains,
In songs His truth make known;
For over all the earth He reigns,
Exalted on His throne.

5 Let Jew and Gentile blend their lays,
As round His throne they fall;
And Abra'm's God exalt and praise,
For He is Lord of all.

32. **LONGING FOR HOME.** C. M.
Psalm 55:4-8. Tune, Evan.

1 Far from my home in this strange land,
A wanderer I roam.
Here foes around me thickly stand,
But I am marching home.

2 I raise my troubled thoughts on high,
And pensive make my moan;
In lonely grief I sit and sigh
Like mateless dove alone.

3 While pensive thoughts within me burn,
And stir my troubled breast;
My eyes to heaven I quickly turn
In search of perfect rest.

4 Oh, give me pinions like a dove,
Then would I fly away;
I'd soar aloft to heaven above,
And dwell in endless day.

5 I'd mount above the tempest loud,
And ride upon the storm;
I'd bid defiance to the proud,
And never feel alarm.

6 Then I would speed my heavenward flight,
And bid this world farewell;
I'd soar away to realms of light,
Where peace and quiet dwell.

33. **SAME SUBJECT.** 7s & 6s.
Psalm 55:4-8. Tune, Webb.

1 Far from my home with strangers,
My spirit seeks for rest;
My way is filled with dangers,
And I am sorely prest.

2 In silent grief I'm sighing,
And pensive make my moan;
My heart within me's crying,
Like mateless dove alone.

3 And while these thoughts are burning
Within my troubled breast;
My eyes to heaven are turning
In search of perfect rest.

4 Dove's pinions let me borrow
Then would I fly away;
From all these scenes of sorrow
And dwell in endless day.

5 Above the tempest soaring,
I'd speed my upward flight;
And far beyond the roaring,
I'd dwell in heavenly light.

6 And reaching Eden's bowers,
I'd rest from all my woes;
There safe in Zion's towers,
I'd smile at all my foes.

34. **SEEKING GOD.** S. M.
Psalm 63:1-4. Tune, Boylston.

1 My God, to Thee betimes,
With longing eyes I look;
I faint and thirst in weary climes,
Where there is no cooling brook.

2 Within Thy temple fair,
I long to find a place;
To see Thy power and glory there,
And feel Thy quickening grace.

3 My praise Thy love demands,
So constant and so free;
And I will daily lift my hands
In humble thanks to Thee.

4 While I Thy name adore,
Thy mercies and Thy love
Do Thou Thy richest blessings pour
In showers from above.

35. **PUBLIC PRAYER AND PRAISE.** C. M.
Psalm 65:1-4. Tune, Arlington.

1 Praise waits for Thee on Zion's hill,
Oh, Thou who hearest prayer;
Thy people shall the vow fulfil,
And nations seek Thee there.

2 Our sins against us that prevail,
Persuade us to delay;
But Thou, whose grace shall never fail,
Wilt wash our guilt away.

3 How happy in Thy holy place,
Thy chosen sons abide;

Who from Thy stores of ample grace
Have all their wants supplied.

36. **PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH.** L. M.

Psalm 67. Tune, Hopewell.

(See No. 26, in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 O Lord, to us Thy mercy show,
And causeThy face on us to shine;
That earth Thy righteousness may know
Thy saving grace and way divine.

2 O God, let people praise Thy name,
Let people all Thy praise prolong;
Let nations all with glad acclaim,
Rehearse Thy praise in joyful song.

3 For Thou shalt judge the people right,
And rule the nations of the earth,
Let people celebrate Thy might,
And praise Thy name with sacred mirth.

4 Our land shall then with plenty flow,
And God on us His blessings shed;
God, our own God, will good bestow,
And all the earth His name shall dread.

37. **SAME SUBJECT.** L. M.

Psalm 67. Tune, Retreat.

1 Jehovah, bless us in Thy grace,
And shine upon us with Thy face;
Then earth Thy righteous way shall know,
Thy saving grace shall people show.

2 O God, let people praise Thy name,
Let people all Thy praise proclaim;
Oh, let the nations joyful be,
And shout and sing for joy of Thee.

3 For Thou shalt judge the people right,
And rule the nations by Thy might;
O God, let people praise Thy name,
Let people all Thy praise proclaim.

4 Our land shall then with plenty flow,
And God on us will good bestow;
The Lord our God will blessings shed,
And all the earth His name shall dread.

38. DELIGHT IN PUBLIC WORSHIP. L. M.

Psalm 84:1-7 Tune, Sessions.

1 How lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord,
Oh! how I long for Thine abode;
My heart and flesh with one accord,
Cry out for Thee, O living God.

2 The sparrow seeks a house of rest,
Where she may rest her weary wing;
The swallow also builds her nest,
Where safe her young she forth may bring.

3 So, Lord of hosts, I seek to dwell,
Within Thy courts, Thy blest abode;
That all Thy goodness I may tell
Thy altars by, my King, my God.

4 How blest who there with Thee remain,
And still renew glad songs of praise;
How blest who strength from Thee obtain,
Who love Thy pure and sacred ways.

5 They make the thirsty land to flow
While Baca's barren vale is trod;
From strength to strength they onward go
To Zion's hill and Zion's God.

39. "A DAY IN THY COURTS." L. M.

Psalm 84:8-12. Tune, Hebron.

1 O God of Jacob, rich in grace,
Our Shield and Helper, bow Thine ear;
And look upon us in the face
Of Christ, Thy own Anointed dear.

2 One day a thousand doth excel,
If spent Thy sacred courts within;
I'd rather at Thy threshold dwell,
Than live within the tents of sin.

3 For God the Lord our Sun and Shield,
Will give us grace and glory bright;
No good from them shall be withheld,
Who walk in ways of truth and right.

4 O God of hosts, forever blest,
How highly blest is every one,
Whose confidence in Thee doth rest,
Whose hopes repose in Thee alone.

40. DELIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF GOD. C. M.

Psalm 84:1-7. Tune, Ortonville.

1 How lovely is Thy dwelling place,
O Lord of hosts, my God;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face
Within Thy blest abode?

2 The sparrow seeks a house of rest,
Where she may rest her wing;
The swallow also builds her nest,
Her young ones forth to bring.

3 So, Lord of hosts, I seek to find
The altars of my God;
Thy goodness there to call to mind,
Thy holy name to laud.

4 How happy all who there remain,
And ever sing Thy praise;
How blest who strength from Thee obtain,
Who love Thy sacred ways.

5 They make fresh springs of water flow
Through Baca like a rill;
With growing strength they onward go,
While climbing Zion's hill.

41. "A DAY IN THY COURTS." C. M.

Psalm 84:8-12. Tune, Azmon.

1 Lord God of Jacob, rich in grace,
O God of hosts, give ear;
And look upon us in the face
Of Thy Messiah dear.

2 One day a thousand doth excel,
If spent Thy courts within;
I'd rather at Thy threshold dwell,
Than live in tents of sin.

3 Jehovah is a Sun and Shield,
He'll grace and glory give;
And nothing good shall be withheld
From those who rightly live.

4 O Lord of hosts, my King, my God,
That man is truly blest,
Who in Thy temple makes abode,
Whose hope in Thee doth rest.

42. **THE HOLY MOUNTAINS.** 8s & 7s.

Psalm 87:1-3, 5-7. Tune, Holy Mountains.
(See No. 387 in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 In the high and holy mountains
God's foundation stands unmoved;
More than all of Jacob's dwellings
Zion's gates by Him are loved.

2 "Glorious things of thee are spoken,"
Holy city of our God;
Joy and peace attend forever,
All who love the dear abode.

3 And it shall be said of Zion,
These and those in her were born,
And the Holy and the Highest
Shall Himself her name adorn.

4 There the harpers with the singers
Shall together joyful be,
And shall sweetly raise the anthem,
"All our springs arise in thee."

43. **A FUNERAL PSALM.** C. M.

Psalm 90:1-6, 12. Tune, Herman.
(See No. 585, in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place,
Through all the ages past;
And still, to each succeeding race,
Thy faithfulness shall last.

2 Ere Thou hadst spread the hills abroad,
Or made this earthly frame;
From years eternal, Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 But feeble man in death's dark way,
At Thy command descends;
And mingles with his kindred clay,
Where his pilgrimage ends.

4 A thousand years beneath Thy sight,
Like yesterday appears;
But like the watch that ends the night,
Are all our fleeting years.

5 Our years are carried hence away,
As with a mighty stream;

Just like a sleep at morn are they,
Which passes like a dream.

6 Or like the grass with verdure clad
At morning's early light;
Which groweth up and then shall fade,
Ere fall the shades of night.

7 So teach us, Lord, betimes to learn
The number of our days;
That so our devious steps may turn
To walk in wisdom's ways.

44. **MAJESTY OF GOD'S KINGDOM.** L. M.

Psalm 97. Tune, Darlington, or Windham.

(See No. 370 in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 Jehovah reigns, let earth rejoice,
The isles exult with cheerful voice;
With clouds and darkness He's arrayed.
His throne in right and judgment's laid.

2 His fiery breath before Him goes,
Consuming all His flying foes;
His lightning shines with lurid glare,
While earth beholds and quakes with fear.

3 Like wax the hills have melted down,
And flee with terror at His frown;
His righteousness the heav'ns display,
All nations see His glorious sway.

4 Let heathen worship fall in shame,
Let heathen gods adore His name;
Let Zion hear and lift the voice,
Let Judah's daughters all rejoice.

5 Exalted be Thy throne, O God,
O'er all the gods which heathen laud;
Let saints all sin and guile detest,
For He redeems and makes them blest.

6 The seeds of joy are in the field,
And crops of gladness they shall yield;
Ye righteous in the Lord rejoice,
And shout His praise with cheerful voice.

45. **A PSALM OF PRAISE.** C. M.

Psalm 100. Tune Moreau.
(See 373, in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 With shouts address the Lord on high,
Let every land adore;
Resound His fame through earth and sky,
And praise Him evermore.

2 Know that the Lord is God alone,
From Him we all proceed;
The people that He calls His own,
The sheep His pastures feed.

3 Enter His gates with thankful songs,
Thence to His altar press;
The homage that to Him belongs,
With gratitude confess.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is most sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
Forever shall endure.

46. **GOD'S COMPASSION.** C. M.

Psalm 103: 8-13. Tune, Ortonville.
(See No. 27, ni "The Songs of Zion.")

1 Our God is merciful and kind,
His love is very great;
His anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 Jehovah will not always chide,
Nor still in anger burn,
Does not reward us as we sin,
Nor give as we return.

3 As high as heaven's bright arch is raised,
Above this earthly frame;
So great to these His mercy is
Who fear His holy name.

4 As far as east is from west,
He doth our sins remove;
And all His dealings with His saints
His love and mercy prove.

5 The love and pity of the Lord
To those His name who fear,

Is such as tender parents feel,
Towards their children dear.

47. CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND PRIESTHOOD. C. M. H.

Psalm 110. Tune, Riley.

1 Jehovah to Messiah said,
"Sit Thou at my right hand;
Until Thy footstool I have made
Of all that dare withstand:
Thy sceptre out of Zion goes,
Subdue around Thee all Thy foes.

2 Thy willing saints shall then obey
Thy just and high behest,
Shall greet Thee at thy rising day
In holy beauties drest:
Thy youthful hours shall be like dew,
Dropping with blessings ever new.

3 For by Himself Jehovah swore,
His oath He will not break,
Thou art a priest forevermore,
E'en like Melchisedek:
The sovereign Lord at Thy right hand,
Shall strike through kings who Thee withstand.

4 The heads of countries He shall wound,
And fill the lands with dead;
His kingdom shall, the earth around,
In glorious triumph spread:
He'll drink the brook along the way,
And raise His head in boundless sway.

48. A PSALM OF PRAISE. L. M., 6 lines.

Psalm 117. Tune, Solid Rock.

1 Oh, all ye nations, praise the Lord,
All people laud with sweet accord;
For great is He, His mercy sure,
His loving kindnesses endure;
His truth endures forevermore,
Let people all His name adore.

49. SAME SUBJECT. C. P. M.

Psalm 117. Tune, Ariel.

1 Let Gentile nations praise the Lord,
Let people all His praise record,
For great and good is He;
His loving kindness is most sure,

His truth forever shall endure,
Praise to the Lord give ye.

50. **SAME SUBJECT.** H. M.

Psalm 117. Tune, Lennox.

1 All nations praise the Lord,
Ye Gentiles laud His name;
His goodness great record,
His mercies all proclaim:
His truth shall stand forevermore,
Let every land His name adore.

51. **A MORNING OR EVENING PSALM.** L. M.

Psalm 121. Tune, Ware.

(See No. 400 in "The Songs of Zion."

1 I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
Where all my help and succor lies;
Jehovah is my constant aid,
Whose hands the heavens and earth have made.

2 The Lord Himself will guide with care,
And save thy foot from every snare;
Behold His eyes that Israel keep,
Shall never slumber, never sleep.

3 The Lord thy keeper still shall stand,
A powerful shade on thy right hand;
No burning sun by day shall smite,
Nor silent moon, nor damps by night.

4 The Lord shall guard from every ill,
And keep thy soul in safety still;
In safety thou shalt go and come,
Till thou arrive in heaven thy home.

52. **SAME SUBJECT.** C. M.

Psalm 121. Tune, Naomi.

1 Up to the hills I'll lift my eyes
From whence shall come my aid;
My help is in His mighty arm,
Which heaven and earth hath made.

2 The Lord shall guard from every snare,
And thee in safety keep;
Behold His eyes that Israel guard,
Shall slumber not nor sleep.

3 The Lord thy keeper still shall stand
A shade upon thy right;

The sun shall neither smite by day,
Nor silent moon by night.

4 When going out and coming in,
He shall thy steps attend;
Shall guide thee through life's pilgrimage,
And save thee in the end.

53. **DELIVERANCE OF THE CHURCH.** C. M.

Psalm 126. Tune, Rochester.

(See No. 391, in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 When Zion's bondage God recalled,
'Twas like a transient dream;
Our joyful lips his name extolled,
Our tongues prolonged the theme.

2 "Great things for them the Lord hath wrought,"
Th' astonished heathen cried;
"Great things which joy to us have brought,"
We joyfully replied.

3 Lord, make Thy captive flock increase,
Like southern streams that sweep;
Who sow in tears shall soon in peace,
A golden harvest reap.

4 He that with tears bedews the soil,
While there the seed he leaves;
Shall reap the fruit of all his toil,
And come with golden sheaves.

54. **THE HAPPY FAMILY.** C. M.

Psalm 128. Tune, St. Martins.

1 Blest is each one that fears the Lord,
And walks in all His ways;
For thou shalt reap a rich reward,
And prosper all thy days.

2 Thy wife shall flourish like a vine,
Which by thy house is seen;
Thy children round thy table shine,
Like olives fresh and green.

3 Such blessings shall each one attend,
Who fears and loves the Lord;
The Lord shall out of Zion send
His blessing and reward.

4 For Salem's good thou shalt behold
Till life and nature cease;
Thy children's children in her fold,
And Israel crowned with peace.

55. **HUMILITY AND RESIGNATION.** L. M.
Psalm 131. Tune, Retreat.

1 O Lord, have I a haughty heart?
Or eyes to lofty things inclined?
Do Thou Thy grace to me impart,
And make me humble and resigned.

2 O strip me of my robe of pride,
And clothe me with humility;
So shall I here with Thee abide,
And ever sweetly rest in Thee.

3 But I'll behave with spirit mild,
And quiet all my fears to rest:
Just like a weaned, submissive child,
That leans upon its mother's breast.

4 Now let the saints still trust the Lord,
And bow their wills to His control,
And rest their hopes upon His word,
While everlasting ages roll.

56. **CHRISTIAN UNANIMITY.** S. M.
Psalm 133. Tune, Laban.

1 How pleasant is the sight,
Where brethren all agree;
Where all in heart and hand unite,
And dwell in unity.

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred crown;
Which gently flowing from his head,
Ran o'er his garments down.

3 Like dew on Hermon's brow,
And Zion that descends
Where God commands the blessing now,
And life that never ends.

57. **NIGHTLY DEVOTION.** S. M.
Psalm 134. Tune, St. Thomas.

1 Behold! bless ye the Lord,
Ye servants of our God;

Oh, praise ye Him with one accord,
By night in His abode.

2 Lift up your hands to God,
And bless His holy name;
He'll bless you from His own abode,
Who heaven and earth did frame.

58. **SORROWS OF CAPTIVITY.** L. M.

Psalm 137. Tune, Ware.

1 By Babel's rivers we reclined,
And wept when Zion came to mind;
On willow trees our harps we hung,
For mem'ry still to Zion clung.

2 For those who carried us away,
Came asking for a mirthful lay;
Our captors cried, to mock our wrongs,
"Come sing us one of Zion's songs."

3 Jehovah's song we can not sing,
In this strange land how praise our King?
Jerusalem, God's holy hill,
Thy holy name we will remember still.

4 Jerusalem, so dear to me,
If I of thee forgetful be,
Let my right hand forget its skill,
Thou sacred mount, God's holy hill.

5 If I do not remember thee,
Then let my tongue in silence be;
Nor its melodious notes employ,
When thou shalt cease to be my joy.

6 Remember Edom's children, Lord,
And give to them their due reward;
Who in Jerusalem's day of woe,
Assented in her overthrow.

7 O Babel's daughter, thou alone,
Art waiting to be overthrown;
And blest shall that avenger be,
Who shall our wrongs repay to thee.

8 Yea truly shall that man be blest,
Who rends thy children from the breast,
And down against the rugged stones,
Shall dash thy tender little ones.

59. **SONG OF CAPTIVITY.** S. M.

Psalm 137: 1-6. Tune, Willow Stream.

(See No. 395 in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 Where Babel's current flows,
Loved Zion came to mind;
We thought upon our fearful woes,
And there to weep reclined.

2 We mourned our comforts fled,
Departed all our joys;
Our children mingled with the dead,
Each mournful thought employs.

3 Upon the willows there,
Our harps we silent hung;
Our minds were filled with sad despair,
Our hearts with anguish wrung.

4 Our captors filled with pride,
Still wasting us with wrongs,
Demanded mirth, and thus they cried,
"Come sing us Zion's songs."

5 We have no voice to sing,
While thus a captive band;
How shall we sing to God our King,
While slaves in this strange land?

6 O Zion, sacred hill,
Should I forgetful prove,
Then let my hand forget its skill
The harp's sweet strings to move.

7 When I forget thy name,
Let silence seize my tongue;
Nor bear its part, when with acclaim,
Thy jubilee is sung.

60. **THE GOLDEN CITY.** S. M.

A Paraphrase.

(See No. 328 in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 O Zion, built above,
My rest and my delight;
The golden city that I love,
With gates of pearly white.

2 "Upon the willows long,"
My harp was silent hung;

When shall I join the heavenly throng,
With praises on my tongue?

3 Though in a foreign land,
My home is just in sight;
O when shall I in glory stand,
Arrayed in robes of light.

4 With songs of joy and praise,
I'll onward press my way;
Until a nobler song I raise
In realms of endless day.

5 There Jesus intercedes
Before His Father's throne;
The merit of His blood He pleads,
Which did for sin atone.

6 Dear Saviour, when shall I
From all my sins be free?
Thy wonders sing above the sky,
Through all eternity?

61. THE GREATNESS OF GOD. L. M.

Psalm 145: 1-13. Tune, Rockingham.

1 I will adore my God and King,
Thy name forever I'll extol;
From day to day Thy praises sing,
While endless ages roll.

2 Great is the Lord, and great His praise,
His greatness can no search explore;
While age to age His grand displays,
Recount and tell forevermore.

3 My tongue shall spread abroad Thy name,
Thy glorious majesty declare;
While men of every age proclaim,
Thy mighty acts which wondrous are.

4 Thy goodness shall employ their mind,
Their songs Thy righteousness shall show;
For Thou are gracious, just and kind,
Thy mercy great, to anger slow.

5 How good art Thou o'er earth abroad,
Thy mercies on creation fall;
Thy works shall render thanks to God,
Thy saints upon Thy name shall call.

6 They talk of all Thy glorious power,
Thy righteous deeds shall they commend;
Thy kingdom ever shall endure,
And Thy dominion never end.

62. **THE GOODNESS OF GOD.** L. M.
Psalm 145: 14-21. Tune, Ward.

1 The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
And makes the bowed and helpless stand;
He rich provision sends to all,
Who wait upon His bounteous hand.

2 His liberal hands are opened wide,
And well supply all things that live;
The Lord is good and just beside,
His ways abundant mercies give.

3 The Lord is nigh to hear the prayer,
Of all who truly seek His name;
He will fulfil their whole desire,
Will grant to them their humble claim.

4 The Lord will keep His saints always,
But all the wicked He'll destroy;
My mouth shall ever speak His praise,
Oh, let all flesh His praise employ.

63. **DIVINE GOODNESS AND TRUTH.** S. M.
Psalm 146. Tune, St. Thomas.

Hallelujah!
1 O praise the Lord, my soul,
I'll praise God while I live;
While I exist I'll Him extol,
And songs of praises give.

2 In man put not your trust,
In whom there is no stay;
His breath departs, he turns to dust,
That day his thoughts decay.

3 That man is truly blest,
Whom Jacob's God doth aid;
Whose hope upon the Lord doth rest,
And on his God is staid.

4 Who made the starry frame,
The sea and solid land;
And all that is within the same,
Whose truth shall ever stand.

5 Who pities the oppressed,
And will their rights maintain;
Who feeds the hungry and distressed,
And breaks the captive's chain.

6. Who gives the blind their sight,
The bowed down doth raise;
Who loves all those in heart upright,
Who walk in all His ways.

7 Who saves the poor from tears,
And does the orphan crown;
Who guards the widow's lonely years,
But casts the wicked down.

8 The Lord shall ever reign,
His kingdom shall endure;
Jehovah shall His throne maintain
From age to age most sure.
Hallelujah!

64. **UNIVERSAL PRAISE.** C. M.
Psalm 150. Tune, Azmon.
(See No. 379 in "The Songs of Zion.")

Hallelujah!
1 God's praise within His temple raise,
Where shines His presence bright;
Praise Him on high, where He displays,
His majesty and might.

2 Oh, praise Him for His deeds of fame,
His mighty acts record;
Oh, praise the greatness of His name,
With joy and sweet accord.

3 Oh, praise Him with the trumpet's sound,
With harp and lyre rejoice;
With timbrels ring His praise around,
With organs lift the voice.

4 Praise Him on cymbals sounding lays,
On cymbals sounding high;
Let all that breathe the anthem raise,
And praise the Lord Most High.
Hallelujah!

END OF THE PSALMS.

PART III.

HYMNS.

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your heart to the Lord." Colossians 3:16.

1. WRESTLING JACOB. C. M.

Gen. 32:24-30. Tune, "Wrestling Jacob."

(See No. 222 in "The Songs of Zion."
"I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."

1 I'll cling to Thee my dearest Lord,
  Nor will I let Thee go,
Until, according to Thy word,
  A blessing Thou bestow.
I'll wrestle all the night with Thee,
  Until the dawning day,
Till Thou shalt hear and answer me,
  I'll wait and watch and pray.

2 Lord, help me to prevail in prayer,
  And give me faith in Thee;
O! break the bonds of sin and care,
  And set my spirit free.
But dost Thou ask me for my name?
  My name, Thou Lord, dost know;
My sin and misery proclaim
  My wretchedness and woe.

3 I know Thy name, Thy name is love,
  Now while I plead with Thee;
O let Thy tender pity move,
  In mercy think on me.
I'll cling to Thee my dearest Lord,
  Nor will I let Thee go,
Until, according to Thy word,
  A blessing Thou bestow.

2. **ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.** L. M.

Job 16:22. Tune, Edward's Chant, or Sessions.

(See No. 333 in "The Songs of Zion.")

"When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return."

1 A few more years shall sweep away,
A few more seasons come and go;
Then I shall rest in endless day,
Where tears of sorrow never flow.

2 A few more storms shall break my peace
Ere I shall reach the golden shore;
Then I shall be where tempests cease,
And surging billows swell no more.

3 A few more angry waves shall beat
Against my barque on life's rough sea;
Then I shall rest at Jesus' feet,
In that bright land from sorrow free.

4 A few more battles fought below,
A few more partings here be given;
Then to my Saviour I shall go,
Then I shall find my rest in heaven.

5 'Tis only just a little while
That I must tread this vale of tears;
Then I shall see my Saviour's smile,
And dwell with Him through endless years.

6 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
Ye fleeting years speed on your way;
And bring me to that blissful clime,
Where all is one bright summer's day.

3. **THE DYING CHRISTIAN.** L. M.

Job 17:11. Tune, Sunset, or Mt. Olivet.

"My days are past."

(See No. 315 in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 "My days are past," the hour is come,
When I must leave this vale of gloom;
My Saviour calls and I must go
To leave this world of sin and woe.

2 Though I shall part with friends I love,
I'll meet with friends in heaven above;
There I shall wait till all have come,
For Christ will bring His ransomed home.

3 Lord, make me now resigned to go,
Resigned to leave this world of woe;
And may I worship at Thy feet,
Prostrate before Thy sacred seat.

4 Let an envoy of angels come,
And bear my willing spirit home;
Bear me to Jesus' throne above;
To bask forever in His love.

5 Now I must leave this mournful vale,
Let not Thy cheering presence fail;
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land me safe on Caanan's side.

4. **RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.** L. M.

Prov. 22:6. Tune, Hebron.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

1 "Train up a child in wisdom's ways,
Let holy precepts be his guide;
Then when he comes to riper days,
In duty's paths he shall abide."

2 This precept may we, Lord, obey,
And train our children up for God;
And may they never go astray,
But keep the path to Thine abode.

3 The children of Thy Church redeem,
And save Thy heritage, O Lord;
Thy precepts may they each esteem,
And ever keep Thy holy word.

4 O sanctify each means of grace,
And bring our children all to Thee;
And may they all behold Thy face,
And dwell with Thee eternally.

5. C. M. with Cho.

BE A LOVER OF THE LORD.

Eccle. 12:1; Isa. 55:6; Prov. 8:17; and Prov. 23:26.

Air with Chorus.

1 Come, children, you must love the Lord,
With all your heart and might;
Obey with joy His heavenly word,
And serve Him with delight.

Chorus—"O, you must be a lover of the Lord,
O, you must be a lover of the Lord,

O, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

2 "Remember your Creator now,"
For Him your powers employ;
If you in youth before Him bow,
In age you shall have joy.

"O you must be a lover," etc.

3 O "seek the Lord while yet He's near,"
While yet He's in the way;
For He will bend a listening ear
To every word you say.

"O you must be a lover," etc.

4 "I love all those who seek my face,
Who love my holy name;
And they who early seek my grace,
Shall surely find the same.

"O you must be a lover," etc.

5 "My son, give me thine heart," He says,
And will you turn away?
May angels cry, "Behold he prays,"
And keep you lest you stray.

"O you must be a lover," etc.

6. **THE ROSE OF SHARON.** 7s. & 6s.
Cant. 2:1. Tune, Webb.

"I am the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valleys."

1 "I am the Rose of Sharon,
The lily of the vale;"
The Tree of Life which healeth,
Whose fruit shall never fail.

Chorus—"I am the Rock of Ages,"
And sure protection give;
I am the One Foundation
That all who trust shall live.

2 "I am the Mighty Saviour,
Of all who love my name;
And down through all the ages,
My mercy flows the same.

3 "My grace in rich effusion,
Descends to fallen man;

And all who seek my mercy,
Shall prove the wondrous plan.

4 "Ho! every one that thirsteth,
Come ye, and drink and live;
To every one that heareth
Eternal life I give."

7. **DELIGHT IN THE SABBATH.** L. M.
Isa. 58:13, 14. Tune, Talmage.
(See No. 349 in "The Songs of Zion.")

"Turn away thy feet from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord."

1 O Lord, we love Thy Sabbaths here,
We love to meet for praise and prayer;
We love Thy mercies to recount,
Assembled on Thy sacred mount.

2 We love to throng the "house of prayer,"
And join in holy worship there;
With psalms of honor sound Thy fame,
And spread the glories of Thy name.

3 We love within Thy courts to meet,
And there each other kindly greet;
We love with glad and sweet accord,
To listen to Thy holy word.

4 If there we find such peace and love,
What will it be to meet above;
To cast our crowns before Thy throne,
And join in songs before unknown?

5 Oh, there we'll ever give Thee praise,
And sing the triumphs of Thy grace;
And every act of service there,
Remind us of our Sabbaths here.

8. 7s & 6s, Double.

CHRIST THE SURE FOUNDATION.

Psa. 118:22, 23; Isa. 28:16 Matt. 16:18. Tune. Webb.
(This Hymn may be sung to "This Wide World for Jesus,"

No. 465, in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 Behold the sure Foundation
God in Zion laid;
The hope of every nation,
And there my hope is staid.
Upon this rock forever,
The righteous shall remain;

The gates of hell shall never
The victory o'er them gain.

2 This rock, the base of Zion,
Has been well tried and proved;
And those who it rely on
Shall never be removed.
This is the stone rejected,
Which builders did disown;
But is by God elected
As the chief corner stone.

3 This is Jehovah's doing,
And wondrous in our sight;
My soul, the theme pursuing,
Shall praise Him with delight.
Amidst the tempest streaming,
Where surging billows swell;
My soul on Jesus leaning,
Shall ever with Him dwell.

Note—This hymn was written at the suggestion of the Rev. M. B. DeWitt, D.D., to whom it has been affectionately inscribed by the author. May it prove a blessing to the Church of God in establishing Christians in their most holy faith in the Son of God, who is truly the Foundation of His people.

9. **THE FOUNTAIN.** L. M.

Zech. 13:1. Tune, Rachel.

(See No. 168, in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 There is a fountain opened wide,
Whence streams of living waters flow;
'Twas opened when Immanuel died,
To cleanse from sin and save from woe.

2 The dwellers of Jerusalem,
The heirs of David's royal line,
Shall to this sacred fountain come,
And wash away each guilty stain.

3 And lo! the Gentile nations all
May to this sacred fountain fly;
All who obey the heavenly call,
May purge their sins of deepest dye.

4 Here love in one perpetual stream
Descends to all of Adam's race;
Let songs immortal swell the theme,
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Let Jew and Gentile blend their lays,
As down at Jesus' feet they fall;

High raise the song of rapturous praise,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

10. **"ENTER INTO THY CLOSET.** C. M.
Matt. 6:6. Tune, Chimes.
(See No. 544, in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 O Lord, into my closet now,
In secret I repair;
Before Thy footstool humbly bow,
And pour my fervent prayer.

2 Far from the busy scenes of life,
Myself I now withdraw;
I leave the cares of worldly strife,
To meditate Thy law.

3 O Lord do Thou my spirit fill
With Thy abundant love;
And help me to perform Thy will,
As angels do above.

4 Help me, O Lord, to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
That I may walk the narrow way,
Which leads to joys on high.

5 And when my days on earth shall cease,
And I must hence remove,
Oh, may my soul be found in peace,
In mansions of Thy love.

11. **A CALL FOR LABORERS.** 8s, 7s & 4s.
Matt. 9:37, 38. Tune, Zion.

1 Christians, up! our Lord is calling!
We've a glorious work to do;
For a harvest ripe and falling
Wide extending lies in view:
Wide extending,
Wide extending lies in view; etc.

2 Humbly trusting God our Father,
Let us all the call attend;
Golden sheaves to bind and gather,
Ere the harvest time shall end:
Ere the harvest,
Ere the harvest time shall end: etc.

3 Le us all be up and doing,
Rising at the early dawn;

Let us all our task pursuing,
In the harvest labor on:
In the harvest,
In the harvest labor on: etc.

4 In the harvest spread before us,
There's abundant work for all;
And our Master calleth for us,
Who will follow at His call?
Who will follow,
Who will follow at His call? etc.

5 For a world in sin is lying,
Sinking in the shades of night;
Sinners round us now are dying,
Christians, can you bear the sight?
Christians, can you,
Christians, can you bear the sight? etc.

6 Now there's work to do for Jesus,
And the harvesters are few;
No excuse will e'er release us,
For there's work for all to do:
Yes, a glorious,
Yes, a glorious work to do: etc.

12. **"LORD, IS IT I?"** C. M. with Cho.
Matt. 26:22. Tune, "Is It I?"
(See No. 135 in "The Gospel Shower," published '885.)

1 When persecutions rage around,
And Satan's darts are hurled;
'Tis then religion loses ground,
And Christians join the world.

Chorus—"Lord, is it I?" etc.

2 When dark temptations, like a pall,
Hang o'er the path to heaven;
Then Christians let their banner fall,
Nor heed the signal given.

"Lord, is it I?" etc.

3 When men in sin are growing bold,
And gospel truth despise;
The love of many waxes cold,
And their devotion dies.

"Lord, is it I?" etc.

4 When many seek the world again,
I hear my saviour say,
And ah, what burning words of pain,
"Will ye, too, go away?"

"Lord, is it I?" etc.

5 When sinners in the busy throng,
God's holy name defy,
In silence Christians pass along,
"Lord, is it, is it I?"

"Lord, is it I?" etc.

6 And now I hear my Saviour's word,
In language but too clear,
"Thou hast betrayed the blessed Lord,
Thy loving Master dear."

"Lord, it was I."

Note—This hymn was suggested by a sermon preached on the text, "Lord, is it I?" on the third Sabbath, the 20th of June, 1875, by Rev. J. M. Phillips, pastor of the Baptist Church and president of the Female College, Lebanon, Tenn., to whom it was respectfully dedicated by the author.

13. **"WEEP NOT FOR HER."** L. M.
Luke 8:52. Tune, Rest.
(See "Last Words, or Spirit Whispers," page 121, published 1878.)

1 "Weep not for her," the Saviour said,
She only sleeps, she is not dead;
Her deathless spirit shall survive,
Now let our mourning hearts revive.

2 "Weep not for her," for she is blest,
Her soul has entered into rest;
And now arrayed in robes of white,
She stands among the sons of light.

3 "Weep not for her," though tears arise,
For she is happy in the skies;
And there she stands with beck'ning hand,
And calls us to that peaceful land.

4 Prepare us, Lord, by Thy rich grace,
To meet her in that happy place;
And there upon the mount of God,
We'll tell Thy wonders all abroad.

Note—This hymn was written on the occasion of the death of Alice J. Coleman, a member of West Harpeth Church. She died August 14, 1876.

14. THE PENITENT PUBLICAN. L. M.

Luke 18:13. Tune, "Just as I Am."

"God be merciful to me a sinner."

1 O Lord, I come before Thee now,
With contrite heart before Thee bow;
A penitent I cry to Thee,
"O God, be merciful to me."

2 I hear Thine awful thunders roll,
Which drive away my trembling soul;
Now from Thy dreadful wrath I flee,
"O God, be merciful to me."

3 Not in the law I put my trust,
I bow before Thee in the dust;
The blood of Jesus is my plea,
"O God, be merciful to me."

4 I stand far off with tearful eyes,
Nor dare to lift them to the skies;
Thy love and grace are rich and free,
"O God, be merciful to me."

5 My heart is crushed, by sin oppressed,
I smite upon my troubled breast;
O Lord, Thou dost my anguish see,
"O God, be merciful to me."

6 Not all the alms that I have done,
Can ever for my sins atone;
The death of Christ my only plea,
"O God, be merciful to me."

7 My sins spread out before Thee lie,
O Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
O Lord, a trembling captive see,
"O God, be merciful to me."

8 Thy justice drives my soul away,
But mercy calls me yet to stay;
Now O my Lord, I trust in Thee,
"O God, be merciful to me."

9 And when among the saints I dwell,
Redeemed from sin, and death and hell;
My joyful song shall ever be,
"God has been merciful to me."

15. ---- **"TARRY WITH US."** 8s, 7s & 4s.

Luke 24:29. Tune, Zion.

(See also page 76, "Last Words, or Spirit Whispers.")

1 Tarry with us, blessed Jesus,
For the evening shadows fall;
And the day is fast receding,
Darkness gathers like a pall.

Chorus.—Tarry with us,
Tarry till the morning light;
Tarry with us,
Tarry with us all the night.

2 Tarry with us, blessed Saviour,
For we're in a desert drear;
See the day of life is passing,
And the night of death is near.

3 Tarry with us, loving Master,
Till the morning light appears;
For we're pilgrims sad and lonely,
Let Thy presence calm our fears.

4 Tarry with us, for we're pilgrims,
Camping on a desert plain;
All is loneliness without Thee,
Gracious Master, here remain.

5 Here our hearts will pine with sadness,
For our kindred gone before;
Friends who now are watching for us,
Waiting on the other shore.

6 Many friends have journeyed with us,
Side by side we used to go;
But their journey now is ended,
And we linger here below.

7 When we gather in the morning,
Morning of eternal rest,
Shall we meet no more to sever?
Shall we be forever blest?

8 Deeper fall the evening shadows,
Paler glows the setting sun;
Swift the night of death is coming,
Then our toiling shall be done.

9 Tarry with us, for we're weary,
Traveling through this desert land;

Lay our heads upon Thy bosom,
Hold us with Thy powerful hand.

10 Tarry with us till the morning,
Leave us not till night is past;
Guide us safely through this desert,
Then receive us all at last.

16. **THE LAMB OF GOD.** S. M.

John 1:29. Tune, Robert's Chant.

(See No. 177, in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 "Behold the Lamb of God,"
Who takes our sins away;
A sacrifice of noble blood,
Which did our ransom pay.

2 "Behold the Lamb of God,"
Who left His courts above,
Descending to this sinful sphere
On messages of love.

3 "Behold the Lamb of God,"
All meek and quiet He,
So holy, spotless, undefiled—
Sinner, He died for thee.

4 "Behold the Lamb of God,"
Behold His pierced side,
Behold His hands, behold His feet,
Nor turn from Him aside.

5 "Behold the Lamb of God,"
The sin-atoning Lamb,
For us He shed His precious blood,
Then bless His glorious name.

17. **THE GOLDEN HARVEST.** L. M.

John 4:35. Tune, Windham.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

1 Ye Christians, rise, your work pursue,
For see! the harvest is in view;
The ripened grain waves o'er the fields,
And golden sheaves the harvest yields.

2 With morning's earliest dawn arise,
And as the sun ascends the skies,
With ceaseless steps pursue your way,
Until the closing of the day.

3 We have a glorious work to do,
Then let us all our task pursue;
When we have reaped the golden grain,
A rich reward we all shall gain.

4 A ripened harvest lies in view,
And lo! the harvesters are few;
There is abundant work for all,
Oh, who will answer to the call?

5 Ye harvesters of Christ, arise,
And view the fields in sweet surprise;
Already has the dawn begun,
Which marks at hand a brighter sun.

18. JESUS WEPT. 7s.

John 11:35. Tune, Tigert.
(See also No. 10 in "Children's Hosannas.")

1 "Jesus wept," He wept for me,
Died to set my spirit free;
Lived a life of sorrow here,
Pilgrim, stranger on our sphere.

2 "Jesus wept," in every hour,
When we feel temptation's power,
He is near us to defend,
Leading, guiding to the end.

3 "Jesus wept," in all our woes,
When affliction's cup o'erflows;
Then His sympathy is felt,
Then His heart of love will melt.

4 "Jesus wept," He bears a part
In the pangs that rend the heart;
In bereavement He is near,
Mourning hearts to bind and cheer.

5 "Jesus wept," and still He weeps,
Still His love for us He keeps;
Still is guiding where we go,
Leading through this vale of woe.

19. A HOUSE OF MANY MANSIONS. 7s.

John 14: 2, 3. Tune, Hendon.

1 "In my Father's house on high,
There are many mansions fair;
And your house beyond the sky,
I am going to prepare.

2 "And if I prepare your home,
I will surely come again;
And beneath my palace dome
You shall each enjoy my reign."

3 O my Saviour, I will go,
At Thy bidding to my home,
"Gladly leaving all below,"
Lonely here no more to roam.

4 Blest Redeemer, when shall I
Be permitted to appear
In the portals of the sky,
To behold my dwelling there.

5 While the coming ages roll,
Let my spirit be at rest;
Joyful let my raptured soul
Worship Thee among the blest.

20. WAITING FOR JESUS. S. M.

John 14:3. Tune, Dennis.

(See No. 18, in "Children's Hosannas.")

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also."

1 "We'll wait till Jesus comes,"
When dark temptations rise;
When storms of malice rudely blow,
And clouds obscure the skies.

2 "We'll wait till Jesus comes,"
In trial's fearful hour;
When we are languid and distressed,
He comes with healing power.

3 "We'll wait till Jesus comes,"
When worldly cares oppress;
We'll seek His aid and trust His grace,
And He our souls will bless.

4 "We'll wait till Jesus comes,"
When creature help is gone,
When days are drak and friends are few,
We'll trust His arm alone.

5 "We'll wait till Jesus comes,"
When clouds of sorrow fall;
Though all around be dark as death,
We'll follow at His call.

6 "We'll wait till Jesus comes,"
When death invades our homes,
We'll look beyond this vale of tears,
And wait till Jesus comes.

21. **CHRIST THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.** C. M.

John 14:6. Tune, Arlington.

1 "I am the Way, through me alone
May sinners come to God;
No other way will reach His throne,
No other His abode.

2 "I am the Truth, the only light,
Instruction I impart;
And those who sit in shades of night,
May give to me their heart.

3 "I am the Life, from death I raise,
New life to all I give;
And those who walk in heavenly ways,
Eternally shall live.

4 "I am the Way, the Truth, the Life,
I lead to joys on high;
Who walk in Trtuh are free from strife,
And live above the sky."

22. **THE HEAVENLY TEACHER.** 7s.

John 14:26. Tune, Ebenezer.

"He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoevre I have said unto you."

1 Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
Shed abroad a Saviour's love;
Fix Thy mansion in my breast,
Thou shalt be a welcome guest.

2 In the slippery paths of youth,
Help me walk in sacred truth;
Guide my feet in wisdom's way,
Lead me on to endless day.

3 Heavenly Teacher sent from God,
While this vale by me is trod;
Let Thy counsel be my guide,
Keep me near the Saviour's side.

4 Wash away each sinful stain,
Make my guilty conscience clean;

Sprinkle Thou th' atoning blood,
Cleanse me by that sacred flood.

5 Then my joyful tongue shall sing
Praises to my Saviour, King;
Life and all I have shall be,
Thine to all eternity.

6 When in death I bow my head,
And my soul from earth has fled;
Then Thy praises shall increase,
And my song shall never cease.

23. "A HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS." C. M.

2 Cor. 5:1-8. Tune, Varina.

(Theme from Scotch Paraphrase.)

1 We know that when this earthly frame
In death and ruin lies;
We have a house not made with hands,
Prepared above the skies.
Eternal mansions built by God,
Shall lodge the spirit there,
When once this tabernacle falls,
Which now confines it there.

2 We know that when the soul unclothed
Shall from this body fly,
'Twill flourish in immortal youth,
And live above the sky.
We walk by faith, and not by sight,
Faith leans upon His word;
But while this body is our home,
We're absent from our Lord.

3 The things we now behold by faith,
We long and sigh to see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.
Roll on, O time! thy chariot wheels,
Nor in thy courses stay;
And let us lay these bodies down,
And soar to endless day.

24. THE SAINTS' REST. L. M. D.

Heb. 4:9. Tune, New Sharon.

(See No. 336 in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 There is a rest for saints above,
Where all is joy, and peace, and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil and care,

Together rest and worship there.
There on a green and flowery mount,
We shall together each recount
The toils and sorrows of the way,
And sit and sing through endless day.

2 No rude alarms of raging foes
Shall dare disturb our sweet repose;
But high in heaven, our home above,
We shall be safe in Jesus' love.
There everlasting spring abides,
And living water gently glides;
There verdant pastures well supply
The wants of all the saints on high.

3 There God, the Lamb, shall ever reign,
Whose presence fills His wide domain;
There every heart is filled with joy,
And praise is their divine employ.
His hand shall wipe off every tear,
His presence calm each anxious fear;
There pains and groans and griefs are o'er,
And death itself shall be no more.

4 Our fellowship on earth is sweet,
But when we shall each other meet,
In joyous realms of endless day,
Our sorrows all shall flee away.
When we've been there ten thousand years,
As radiant as the whirling spheres,
We'll have no fewer years to spend,
For oh! our years shall never end.

Note—This is the author's first hymn, written about the year 1870, the year he entered upon the work of the ministry. Up to this time he had employed his leisure hours in versifying the Psalms, his first Psalm, the 23rd, being versified, in the year 1866, fifty-five years ago.

25. THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM. 7s & 6s D

Heb. 11:13. Tune, Missionary Hymn.

"And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

1 I am a pilgrim stranger,
I'm seeking for my home;
A home beyond the river,
Where surges cease to foam.
This world is full of troubles,
And trials all the way;
But glorious mansions wait me
In realms of endless day.

2 There golden fruits are waving,
Upon the olive trees;
And odors sweet and fragrant,
Are borne on every breeze.
No chilling blasts of winter
Shall blight the joys above;
Nor sickness ever enter
That home of light and love.

3 There Jesus waits to welcome,
And crown me with the blest;
Oh, when shall I be near Him,
And on His bosom rest:
Blest Saviour, I am coming
To swell the ranks above;
And sing the joyful anthem
Of sweet redeeming love.

4 I have some friends in heaven,
That land of light and song;
Oh, when shall I be with them,
And swell the blissful throng?
Lo! there in Eden's palace
I'd ever make my home;
And here a lonely pilgrim,
I never more should roam.

Note—This hymn was written on a high hill overlooking the Cumberland River east of Carthage, Tenn., on a lovely Sabbath morning in the spring of 1875. It was set to music by Chas. H. Gabriel, and published in "The Gospel Shower," in 1885.

26. THE LITTLE PILGRIM. 7s & 6s D

Heb. 11:13. Tune, "I Want to Be an Angel."

1 I am a little pilgrim,
I'm seeking for my home;
I'm on my way to heaven,
Where Christ, my Lord, has gone.
There is a happy country—
The Bible tells me so—
Beyond these lower regions,
And thither I must go.

2 There Jesus waits to welcome
The pilgrims as they come,
And grants to each a mansion
In that eternal home.
Oh, how I long to enter
That glorious, happy place,

And ever dwell with Jesus,
And see His smiling face.

3 The patriarchs are gathered
Around the throne above;
The prophets, too, surround it,
And sing redeeming love.
Apostles there and martyrs
Join in the heavenly song,
And even children's voices
The cheerful notes prolong.

4 Amid the olive bowers
They ever sweetly rove,
Where golden fruits are waving,
And all the air is love.
To crown that world's bright glory,
The Sun of Peace shall shine,
And all the saints and angels
Look glorious and divine.

Note—This hymn was set to a very sweet piece of music by Mrs. Repsy Dortch, and published first in "Last Words, or Spirit Whispers," in 1878, then again in "Children's Hosannas," in 1880.

27. **"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD"** S. M.
Rev. 14:13. Tune, Matthews.
(See No. 590 in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 "Write, blessed are the dead,
Who die in Christian faith;
They rest from toil with Christ their Head,
For thus the Spirit saith."

2 Their works of faith and love
Do follow where they go;
And while they rest in heaven above,
Their names will live below.

3 How highly blest are they,
Released from every pain;
They dwell in everlasting day,
And there with Jesus reign.

4 Like angels they shall stand,
To guide our feet aright;
Until we reach that heavenly land,
And dwell in endless light.

5 O Lord, by Thy rich grace.
Prepare us each to die;
And grant us all a dwelling place
In mansions in the sky.

6 We'll sing Thy wondrous love
With our expiring breath;
The wonders of Thy grace we'll prove,
And bless Thy name in death.

Note—This hymn was first set to music by Frank M. Davis, and published in "Last Words, or Spirit Whispers," in the year 1878. Then again it was set to music by the author and sung on the occasion of the funeral of John C. Matthews, Goodlettsville, Tenn., May 12, 1896, and published in the Revised Edition of "Times of Refreshing," 1896.

28. A HYMN OF PRAISE. L. M. D.

Tune, "The Parting Hand."
(For the music see 162 in "Gospel Melodies," or 220 in "Times of Refreshing," or may use "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

2 Let songs of praises fill the sky,
While hosts of angels praise the Lord;
The saints shall raise their voices high,
And sound His praise with sweet accord.
Thus while the saints and angels join,
To raise the notes of love divine;
Let every mortal join to raise
The choicest psalm of lofty praise.

2 High raise the anthem, swell the song,
And spread redemption's notes around,
And while the ages roll along,
The praises of our God resound.
Let loud and long hosannas rise
From all who dwell below the skies;
Ye harpers, strike each tuneful chord,
And wake the praises of the Lord.

3 And when we meet in Paradise,
Our home of light and joy above;
We'll rove amid the groves of bliss;
And tell the wonders of His love.
Yes, when we gain our home on high,
With saints and angels we will vie;
Around the throne of God we'll join,
And praise the Lord in songs divine.

Note—This hymn is used as an anthem in "Hymns of Calvary," No. 127, set to music by R. Porter Orr.

29. SONG OF THE ANGELS 10s.

Luke 2:14. Tune 154, "Harp of Glory."

Hark! 'tis a song of the angels I hear,
Mellowing down through the stillness of night;
Shepherds of Bethlehem gathering near,
Struck with amazement are filled with delight.

Chorus—"Glory to God! Glory to God!
Glory to God in the highest" they say;
"Jesus is born! Jesus is born!
Born in the city of David this day."

2 Earth has no songs like its gentle refrains,
Sung from the harps of the angels on high;
Seraphim join in those heavenly strains
Falling so sweetly to us from the sky.

3 "Glory to God in the highest," they say,
"Glory to Jesus," our lips shall reply;
Hasten to Bethlehem, speed on your way,
Join the full chorus that gladdens the sky.

4 Low in the Manger of Bethlehem laid,
Jesus the Saviour and Monarch of all;
Mighty to save, though He's humbly arrayed,
Low at his feet see the shepherds now fall.

30. **ASK, SEEK, KNOCK.** 10's

Matt. 7:7, 8. Tune 96, "Gospel Shower."

1 ASK, for the Father is ready to hear,
Jesus is waiting your prayer to receive;
Asking in faith, you have nothing to fear,
Come, and the words of His promise believe.

Chorus—Ask, seek, knock;
His grace is abundant and free;
Ask, seek, knock;
A blessing is waiting for thee.

2 SEEK, while His pardon may freely be found;
Ere the brief day of His mercy is past;
While His rich graces so fully abound,
And the free offer of mercy shall last.

3 KNOCK, for the Saviour will open the door,
Kindly He's waiting to welcome you in;
Come, ere the season of grace shall be o'er,
Ere you're rejected and die in your sin.

31. **THREE WARNINGS.** 6s & 5s.

Acts 7:51; 1 Thes. 5:19; Ephe. 4:30.

(For music see No. 138, "Children's Hosannas," No. 28, "Hymns of Calvary," No. 140: "Times of Refreshing," and "Supplement to The Harp of Glory," No. 67.

1 Resist not the Spirit, but yield to Him now;
In mercy He calls thee, Come sinner and bow;

No longer resist Him, No longer delay,
He pleads with thee gently, He's pleading today.

Refrain—Resist not the Spirit,
Resist Him not now;
In mercy He calls thee,
Come, sinner and bow.

2 Oh, "quench not the Spirit," His grace from above,
Will warm thy affections and cause thee to love;
Thy heart which is frozen, Shall glow as the flame;
Thy spirit, when ransomed, His love shall proclaim.

Refrain—Oh. quench not the Spirit,
Oh, quench Him not now;
In mercy He draws thee,
Come, sinner and bow.

3 Oh, "grieve not the Spirit," He stands at the door,
He waits to be gracious, He'll save thee this hour;
How long He's been waiting, how long must He wait?
Oh, sinner, this moment, May close Mercy's gate.

Refrain—Oh, "grieve not the Spirit"
Oh, grieve Him not now;
In mercy He warns thee,
Come, sinner, and bow.

32. **"IT IS FINISHED."** 7s.

John 19:30. Tune, Tigert.

1 "It is finished," so He cried,
Bowed His head and thus He died,
Now redeeming work is done,
Now our triumph is begun.

2 "It is finished," all is o'er,
All His pain and anguish sore;
All His suff'rings here are past;
Now He conquers sin at last.

3 "It is finished," blessed thought,
Comfort to our hearts is brought;
Many may now approach the throne,
Reconciled through Christ alone.

4 "It is finished," heaven is near,
All through Christ may there appear,
Rebels doomed to endless pain,
May return to God again.

33. **"HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID** 9, 6, 7, 6.

Matt. 21:9, 15. Tune, '49, "Songs of Zion."

1 "Hosanna to the Son of David,"
The Hebrew children sang,
And pealing through the temple,
Their swelling voices rang.

Chorus—Hosanna hosanna!
Hosanna let us sing;
Hosanna! hosanna!
Hosanna to our King!

1 "Hosanna to the Son of David,"
They cried amid His foes,
And louder yet, and grander,
Their shouts of praise arose.

3 "Hosanna to the Son of David,"
While palm leaves wave around;
Aud bursts of hallelujahs
From every heart resound.

4 "Hosanna to the Son of David,"
Let every heart reply,
And with our palms of vict'ry,
Hail Him who came to die.

Note—This hymn with the same music appeared as No. 1 in "Children's Hosannas, No. 2." And in a different form with different music in "Children's Hosannas," 1st edition. But the version here given is preferable.

34. **BY AND BY.** 7s & 3s.

Josh. 1:11. Tune, "Last Words," page 11. (See also No. 521 in "The Songs of Zion," No. 97 in "Children's Hosannas," No. 214 in "Times of Refreshing." Published first in "Last Words," 1878.

"Ye shall pass over this Jordan."

1 Over Jordan we shall meet,
By and by, by and by,
In that happy land so sweet,
By and by, by and by;
We shall gather on the shore,
With our kindred gone before,
And the Saviour's name adore,
By and by, by and by.

2 All our sorrows shall be past,
By and by, by and by,
We shall reach our home at last,
By and by, by and by;

With the ransomed we shall stand,
There a holy, happy band,
Crowned with glory in that land,
By and by, by and by.

3 We shall join the heavenly choir,
By and by, by and by,
We shall strike the golden lyre,
By and by, by and by;
In our home so bright and fair,
Where the happy angels are,
We shall praise forever there,
By and by, by and by.

4 There we'll join the ransomed throng
By and by, by and by,
Chanting love's redeeming song,
By and by, by and by;
There we'll meet before the throne,
There we'll lay our trophies down,
And receive a starry crown,
By and by, by and by.

Note—When this song was first published in "Last Words, or Spirit Whispers," a Mr. Smith in Canada sent to the publishers, The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., for a copy, and wrote them the day after receiving the book: ""We had a family singing in our home last night, and we took up 'By and By,' and sang it with the spirit, and my old mother in her 85th year could hold out no longer, and shouted: 'Glory, halelujah, I'll soon be there.' "

35. **"ABIDE WITH US."** 10s.
Luke 24:29. Tune, Eventide.

"And they constrained Him, saying, Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them."

1 "Abide with us," the evening shades descend,
From gathering ills, O Lord, do Thou defend;
The day is spent, the night is coming on,
Abide with us, for we are sad and lone.

2 "Abide with us," we're pilgrims camping here,
Our hearts are sad and lone, and filled with fear;
As pilgrims camping in a desert way,
Our hearts are longing for the dawn of day.

3 "Abide with us," for friends have gone before,
And now they wait for us on Caanan's shore;
We yearn for them as on we press our way,
Yet, Lord, do Thou with us forever stay.

4 "Abide with us," our time is passing by,
The night of death is surely drawing nigh.

And soon we'll stand beside the rolling tide,
"In life, in death," O Lord, with us abide.

36. **AFFLICTION GOOD FOR THE SOUL.** 7s &6s D
Psalm 119:67. Tune, Webb.

1 'Tis good to bear affliction,
To bear the chastening rod;
To drink the cup of sorrow,
It brings me to my God.
'Tis good to be afflicted,
To pass beneath the rod;
'Tis good, as I have found it,
It brings me back to God.

2 Before I was afflicted,
My feet would go astray;
But since I have been chastened,
I keep the heavenly way.
But Father, ever give me
Submission to Thy will;
That I may say, in trials,
"The Lord is righteous still."

3 Now lead Thy child, O Father,
And guide me safely on;
Nor leave me in temptation,
To wander on alone:
For I am weak and sinful,
And prone to go astray;
Now, Father, gently lead me,
And guide to endless day.

37. **PASSING UNDER THE ROD.** 11s.
Heb. 12:6. Tune, Portuguese Hymn.
(See No. 305 in "The Songs of Zion." Also No. 208 in "Times of Rerfeshing," with different music.)

1 When bowed with affliction and woe here below,
As on my way to bright Caanan I go;
I hear a sweet voice, 'Tis the voice of my God,
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod;"
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under th rod."

2 When trials and sorrows awaken my fears,
When mingling the cup of thanksgiving with tears;
I hear the same voice, the sweet voice of my God,
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod;" etc.
"I love thee," etc.

3 When weeping I stand o'er the spoils of the grave,
My loved ones departed beyond the dark wave,

I hear the sweet voice of my Father and God,
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod," etc.
"I love the," etc.

4 From under Thy rod O my Lord, I arose,
And found that it brought to my soul sweet repose;
O blessed repose, to my soul sweet repose,
Thy rod, blessed Lord, ever brings sweet repose,
Thy rod, blessed Lord, etc.

Fourth stanza by Edward Roberts.

38. "SURELY I COME QUICKLY." 11s.

Rev. 22:20. Tune, "How Firm a Foundation."

(For other music see No. 4 in "Gospel Shower," and No. 4 in "Times of Refreshing."

"Surely I come quickly; even so, come Lord Jesus."

1 How long we've been waiting and watching for Thee!
Our blessed Redeemer, how long wilt Thou stay?
We faint in our watching Thy glory to see,
Let fall Thy bright beams in a burst on our way.

2 Thy Church is now crying for help in her woe,
The way has been dark, and the night has been long;
O come, blessed Saviour, and guide us all through,
And change these sad sighings to hymning and song.

3 For now we are weary and sighing for Thee,
We long to behold the sweet smiles of Thy face;
From sin and temptation we sigh to be free,
And tell of Thy love in Thy temples of grace.

4 O come, blessed Jesus, Thy work now revive,
Come fill every heart with Thy grace from above;
This vine Thou hast planted shall flourish and thrive,
When watered again with the dew of Thy love.

5 How long wilt Thou stay, dear Redeemer, how long?
"I surely will come," do we hear Thee now say?
"Yes, quickly I'll come, nor my absence prolong,"
"E'en so, come, Lord, Jesus," nor longer delay.

39. CHRISTIAN SUBMISSION. C. M.

Tune, Naomi.

1 O Lord, bowed down with grief and care,
My spirit seeks for rest;
O condescend to hear my prayer,
And make a mourner blest.

2 O let Thy sweetest mercies come,
Refresh me from above;
My spirit turns to heaven my home,
The Canaan that I love.

3 A passing stranger here below—
A pilgrim on the way,
I soon shall quit this world of woe,
And reach eternal day.

4 I long to quit this vale of tears,
And soar to worlds on high;
To dwell with Christ through endless years,
In the mansions of the sky.

5 O send a shining angel band
To bear my soul away;
And then in glory I shall stand,
And sing through endless day.

40. **"MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART."** 9s & 8s.

Prov. 23:26. 110, "Children's Hosannas."

1 Full oft I've heard this gentle whisper,
Too oft I've turned my ears away;
And grieved the blessed, Holy Spirit
By waiting for another day.

2 Too long I've kept the Master knocking,
For oft I've heard His voice before,
And yet that voice I have been mocking,
So sweetly calling o'er and o'er.

3 But now I yield, His grace subduing,
This poor rebellious heart of mine;
His love my inmost soul imbuing,
Turns all my heart to love divine.

41. **'TIS JESUS CALLING.** 8s & 7s.

Tune 148, "Gospel Shower."

Written and Published 1885.
(See also No. 89 in "Times of Refreshing."

1 Hark! I hear a voice that's calling,
In its tender accents low;
On my heart its tones are falling,
O'er my breast they gently flow.

Refrain:
Children, list! 'tis Jesus calling;
Calling now to you;

Give your tender hearts unto Him,
And His steps pursue.

2 Long I've kept the Master knocking,
Oft I've heard His voice before,
But that voice I have been mocking,
Sweetly calling o'er and o'er.

3 Now I yield, His grace subduing,
This rebellious heart of mine.
For His grace my soul imbuing,
Melts this heart with love divine.

42. **SHOWERS OF BLESING** 8s & 7s.

Ezek. 34:26. No. 2, "Times of Refreshing."

(See also No. 129, "Hymns of Calvary.")
Written and Published 1883.

1 "There shall be showers of blessing,"
Falling like rain from above;
There shall be "times of refreshing,"
Filling our hearts with His love.

Refrain:
Showers of blessing,
Showers today;
Drops of His mercy are falling,
But for the showers we pray.

2 "There shall be showers of blessing,"
Wat'ring our spirits again;
Clouds o'er the land are now rising,
Filled with "abundance of rain."

3 "There shall be showers of blessing,"
Streams of His mercy we need;
Lord, do Thou grant a refreshing,
While for Thy mercy we plead.

4 "There shall be showers of blessing,"
Now on each heart may they fall;
While to our God we're confessing,
Lord, grant Thy blessing to all.

5 "There shall be showers of blessing,"
Filling our land with delight;
Showers of blessing, reviving,
Giving us songs in the night.

6 "There shall be showers of blessing,"
Showers of blessing on all;

Glory to God; they are coming,
Showers of blessing now fall.

43. **"I FEEL LIKE GOING ON."*** 8s & 7s.

Heb. 11:16. See No. 66, "Times of Refreshing."
(See also No. 111, "Cumberland Hymns.")

1 I have started for the kingdom,
I am on my journey home;
I shall reach the "better country,"
And I feel like going on.

Chorus:
Yes, I feel like going on,
Oh, I feel like going on;
I am on my way to Zion,
And I feel like going on.

2 And my Saviour's going with me,
Every day I feel Him near;
With His presence here He cheers me,
And He quells each rising fear.

3 I am in the land of Beulah,
And its breezes fan my soul;
I am nearing Canaan's border,
And I soon shall reach the goal.

4 I am dwelling on the mountains,
And in sight of Canaan stand;
I am drinking of the fountains,
Flowing through this goodly land.

5 Now my friends are waiting for me,
Who have crossed the chilling tide;
Now I see them as they beckon,
Calling from the other side.

6 Soon I'll cross the rolling Jordan,
Soon I'll shout and sing forever,
Then I'll shout and sing forever,
With that holy, happy band.

---

*In a testimony meeting a Christian in the prime of life spoke of his many trials and discouragements, and seemed utterly cast down. Following him an old gray-headed father arose to his feet, and in clear, thrilling tones said: "Brethren, I feel like going on, the Lord being my help." His words proved an inspiration to every heart.

This song which was written and published in "Times of Refreshing," 1893, was dedicated to the Rev. J. W. Burke.

44. NEARER HOME. S. M.

Heb. 11:16. Tune, 666, "Songs of Zion."
(Altered from Phebe Cary.)

1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home this twilight close
Than e'er I've been before.

Chorus:

Nearer my home,
Nearer my home,
Nearer my home this twilight close
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great eternal throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
My burdens to lay down;
Nearer the place to leave the cross,
Nearer the shining crown.

4 But waves of that dark sea
Are rolling in my sight;
Yet bright beyond the swelling tide
Appears the dawn of light.

5 Dear Lord, confirm my trust,
Make strong the hand of faith;
To feel Thee, when I trembling stand
Upon the shore of death.

6 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home today,
Perhaps than I may think.

45. MEET ME THERE. 7s & 3s.

Tune, 221, "Times of Refreshing."
Written and Published, 1893.

1 I am on my journey home,
Where my Saviour beckons, "Come,"
And the saints no more shall roam,
Meet me there;
Where the many mansions are,
And no sickness enters there,

Where the skies are always fair,
Meet me there.

Chorus:
Meet me there, meet me there,
Over in the land of promise,
Meet me there;
On the bright and sunny shore,
With our loved ones gone before,
And with those now crossing o'er,
Meet me there.

2 In that land beyond the sky,
There will be no pain, or sigh,
Tears shall never dim the eye,
Meet me there;
Oh, the joy of meeting there,
Where no heart is bowed with care,
And each mind is freed from fear,
Meet me there.

3 Soon our trials will be o'er,
And we'll stand on Canaan's shore,
Safe with those who've gone before,
Meet me there;
There the saints shall never part,
Sorrow ne'er shall rend the heart,
Will you now to glory start,
Meet me there.

4 What a meeting that will be,
When our Saviour's face we'll see,
And with loved ones ever be,
Meet me there;
To that land let's travel on,
Till we meet before the throne,
And receive a shining crown,
Meet me there.

46. 10s & 7s.

"WHO WILL CARRY ME OVER THE RIVER?"*

Tune, 215, "Times of Refreshing."

1 "Who will carry me over the river,"
Now that I'm going to die?
I've rejected the only Redeemer,
Able to bear me on high.

Refrain:
Who will carry me over,
Who will carry me over,

Who will carry me over,
Over the River of Death?

2 I have said that I needed not Jesus,
As my Redeemer and Friend;
Now He leaves me to sink in the billows,
Succor refuses to lend.

3 I have slighted His loving compassion,
Trampled on mercy divine;
Now He leaves me in utter dejection,
I have crossed over the line.

4 I've rejected the offers of mercy,
Driven His Spirit away;
Now He leaves me forever in darkness,
Leaving my soul in dismay.

---

*A prominent business man once replied to his pastor: "I am interested in all religious matters; but I have in the years past thought the subject over long and carefully, and I have come to the decision deliberately that I have no personal need of Jesus Christ as a Saviour in the sense you preach." Two weeks later he was suddenly prostrated by disease which prevented his conversing with any one until he was within an hour from death. He was then told that he might talk if he could, as nothing could then harm him. The last thing and the only thing he said was in a melancholy and frightened whisper: "Who will carry me over the river?"
This hymn with the music was written and published, 1893.

47. 12s & 7s.

"WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?"

Rev. 6:17. Tune, 142, "Times of Refreshing."
(See also No. 213, "Hymns of Calvary.")

1 When that awful day shall come and the Judge appears,
What a throbbing of all hearts, quaking there with fears;
Mid the falling of the stars and the flaming of the spheres,
Who shall be able to stand?

Refrain:
Who shall be able to stand?
Who shall be able to stand?
They who trust in Christ the Lord,
and His word obey,
They shall there be able to stand.

2 And the dead shall gather there from the sea and land,
Gathering there in mighty throngs at the Lord's command,

Who shall gather in that day on the Lord's right hand,
Who shall be able to stand?

3 Then the secrets of all hearts Jesus will make known,
As we stand together there 'round the great white throne;
And the Judge shall there proclaim those that are His own,
Who shall be able to stand?

4 Oh, prepare us, gracious Lord, for that awful day,
Wash us in Thy precious blood, take our sins away;
May we stand together there in Thy bright array,
Then we'll be able to stand.

48. DOWN THE JERICHO ROAD. 8s & 6s.

Luke 10:30. Tune, 125, "Times of Refreshing."
(Written and Published, 1893.)

1 On the way from Jerusalem,
Down the Jericho road,
Multitudes now are hastening on,
Down the Jericho road;
There are many stripped and lying,
Many bleeding, many dying,
Now for help, oh, hear them crying,
Down the Jericho road.

Refrain:
Down the road, the dangerous road,
Down the Jericho road;
Helpless lying, bleeding dying,
Down the Jericho road.

2 There's a priest passing by the place,
Down the Jericho road,
Where the sick lie in deep distress,
Down the Jericho road;
But unwilling to relieve them,
See he only looks upon them,
Turns his head and passes by them,
Down the Jericho road.

3 See the Levite is on his way,
Down the Jericho road,
Hast'ning on at the close of day,
Down the Jericho road.
Comes to where the sick are lying,
Listens while for help they're crying,

Passes on and leaves them dying,
Down the Jericho road.

4 Good Samaritan, see He comes,
Down the Jericho road,
Full of pity for suffering ones,
Down the Jericho road;
Mark as now He goes unto them,
Binds their wounds and thus relieves them,
Takes them to an inn and feeds them,
Down the Jericho road.

49. **GO WASH AT THE FOUNTAIN.** 9s & 8s.
John 9:7. Tune, 128, "Times of Refreshing."

1 Go wash at that fountain of cleansing,
Go wash and be clean while you may;
For Jesus is waiting to cleanse you,
Go wash at the fountain today.

Chorus
At the cross flows the fountain of cleansing,
And that fountain is flowing for thee;
There the Spirit is waiting to cleanse you,
And the waters are flowing so free.

2 That fountain was opened on Calv'ry,
When Jesus expired on the tree;
The blood and the water came flowing,
That fountain was opened for thee.

3 There's health in that fountain of cleansing,
There's life for the sin-sick in soul;
Oh, come to that fountain for healing,
Wilt thou, sinner, now be made whole?

4 Oh, glory to God for this fountain,
That cleanses and keeps me from sin;
I've gone to that fountain for cleansing,
And now I am made pure within.

50. **WAITING FOR A CURE.** 8s, 5s & 7s.
John 5:6. Tune, 127, "Times of Refreshing."

1 Thousands lie in sin and sorrow,
Waiting for a cure;
Saying they will come tomorrow,
Waiting for a cure.
Others coming left and right,
Cleanse their souls and make them white,
Leaving you in hopeless night,
Waiting for a cure.

Refrain
Waiting, waiting, waiting for a cure.

2 Sinners, look up to Jesus,
Waiting for a cure;
He from sin and sorrow frees us,
Waiting for a cure;
He salvation free will give
If you on His name believe,
Only look and thou shalt live,
Waiting for a cure.

3 Others once were standing nigh you,
Waiting for a cure,
But they left you passing by you,
Waiting for a cure;
They have reached that happy shore,
Where all griefs and pains are o'er
And they stand in tears no more,
Waiting for a cure.

4 There your father now invites you,
Waiting for a cure,
There your mother waits to meet you,
Waiting for a cure;
If you see your father's face,
Or your mother e'er embrace,
You must leave the sinner's place,
Waiting for a cure.

5 Come to Jesus—Death may smite you,
Waiting for a cure,
Jesus then will not invite you,
Waiting for a cure;
Trust in Jesus, take His hand,
He will take you to that land,
Where you'll no more halting stand,
Waiting for a cure.

51. 11s & 9s.

I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

Answer to "Are You Washed in the Blood?" and may be sung to same tune.

(See Nos. 169 and 260 in "Times of Refreshing, Revised," and No. 73 in "Hymns of Calvary," for other music.

1 I have been to Jesus who has cleansed my soul
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb;

By the blood of Jesus I have been made whole,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Chorus.

I've been washed, I've been washed,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb,
And my robe is spotless, it is white as snow,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2 I am daily trusting Jesus at my side,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb;
I am sweetly resting in the Crucified,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

3 I am working in the vineyard of the Lord,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb,
I am trusting in the promise of His word,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

4 I am listening now to hear the Bridegroom's voice,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb,
How His coming will each faithful heart rejoice,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

5 Yes, I'm watching for the coming of my Lord,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb;
He will come according to His faithful word,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

52. 12s & 9s.

"I HAVE LAUNCHED MY SHIP TO-NIGHT."

"Launch out into the deep." Luke 5:4.
(See No. 267, "Times of Refreshing, Revised," and No. 71 in "Hymns of Calvary" for the music to this hymn; also "Songs of Beulah Land," No. 86.

1 I have heard the sweet story of Jesus tonight,
How He left the bright mansions above;
How He came to redeem me from error and blight,
And to fill my poor heart with His love.

Chorus.

My compass is set and my sails they are spread,
I'll sail to that city of light;
And out on the ocean all boundless I'll ride,
"I've launched my ship tonight."

2 I have lingered too long on the wild, rocky coasts,
Where the shores are all lonely and bare;

I've delayed to embark for the heavenly ports,
But I'll sail for that country so fair,

3 Hallelujah to Jesus who saves me from sin,
By the death that He died on the tree;
For the grace of His spirit abiding within.
Oh, glory to Jesus, I'm free.

4 On the ocean of love He was first to embark,
On His mission of mercy and love;
When He came to the shores of iniquity dark,
To light us and guide us above.

5 Will you, sinners, now launch out your ship and set sail,
For that city resplendent with light,
Ere you're caught in the waves of the judgment gale,
And are wrecked in eternity's night.

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*—Note—A fine-looking stranger, after hearing a little maiden give testimony of our "Father's love" at a Sabbath night meeting in the Pacific Garden in Chicago, was truly converted, and on leaving said: "I have launched my ship tonight."

53. MAKE ME A BLESSING. 9s & 8s.

Gen. 12:2.

(For the music see "Times of Refreshing," No. 240; "Hymns of Calvary," No. 193.

1 "Lord, bless me and make me a blessing,"
And lead me each step of my way;
Oh, use me in saving poor sinners,
And make be a blessing today.

Chorus.

"Lord, bless me and make me a blessing,"
Thy will I will gladly obey;
Oh, fit me for service and use me,
And make me a blessing today.

2 "Lord, bless me and make me a blessing,"
In saving some poor soul that's astray;
Oh ,help me to say or do something,
And make me a blessing today.

3 "Lord, bless me and make me a blessing,"
For some of Thy sheep are astray;
Oh, help me to find them and save them,
And make me a blessing today.

4 "Lord, bless me and make me a blessing,"

For some who have wandered away,
Are calling for help and are dying,
Oh, help me to help them today.

5 'Lord, bless me and make me a blessing,"
Thy will I would gladly obey;
Oh, take me, and fill me and use me,
And make me a blessing today.

6 "Lord, bless me and make me a blessing,"
Each errand I'll gladly obey;
Oh, send me in haste to be helping,
And make me a blessing today.

54. 7s with Chous.

ALL THE WAY TO CALVARY.

(For music see "Times of Refreshing, Revised," No. 99; also No. 2, "Hymns of Calvary.")

1 See the Saviour as He goes,
On His way to Calvary,
Bending 'neath our load of woes,
On His way to Calvary.

Chorus.

On the cross of Calvary He died for me,
He died for me, He died for me;
On the cross of Calvary, He died for me,
And now I'm saved and free.

2 See Him by our sins oppressed,
On His way to Calvary,
Fainting, falling and distressed,
On His way to Calvary.

3 Meekly as the Lamb of God,
On His way to Calvary,
Drinks the cup, endures the rod,
On His way to Calvary.

4 "It is finished," hear Him cry,
On the cross of Calvary,
While the rending rocks reply,
As He dies on Calvary.

5 Man to God is reconciled,
By His death on Calvary,
I can now become His child,
If I look to Calvary.

55. THERE'LL BE LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

Psalm 23:4.

(For music see No. 283, "Times of Refreshing," Centenary Edition.)

1 There'll be light in the valley when Jesus comes,
There'll be light in the valley when Jesus comes;
There'll be light in the valley when Jesus comes.
To gather His people home.

2 What a happy meeting when Jesus comes,
What a happy meeting when Jesus comes;
What a happy meeting when Jesus comes,
To gather His people home.

Chorus.

To gather His people home,
To gather His people home,
There'll be light in the valley when Jesus comes,
To gather His peple home.

3 There will be rejoicing when Jesus comes, etc.
To gather His people home.

4 What a time of shouting, when Jesus comes, etc.
To gather His people home.

5 Then we'll see our fathers, etc.

6 Then we'll see our mothers, etc.

7 We will see our brothers ,etc.

8 And we'll see our sisters, etc.

9 We will see our children, etc.

10 There'll be no more parting, etc.

11 There'll be no more sighing, etc.

12 There'll be no more crying, etc.

13 There'll be no more sorrow, etc.

14 There'll be no more anguish, etc.

15 Then we'll fly to heaven, etc.

56. THE OLD AND NEW CENTURY. S. M. D.

Psalm 90:12. Tune, Bealoth.
(See also No. 237, "Times of Refreshing," Centenary Edition.)

1 The peals of midnight bells
Broke on the slumbering ear,
In plaintive tones like funeral knells,
Which said, "Good bye, Old year."
Good bye, good by old year,
Thy sacred moments past;
In memory we'll hold thee dear,
As long as life shall last.

2 The old year now is dead,
Its deeds are past recall;
Its moments are forever fled
Beyond the reach of all.
Could we but live again
The year that has just past;
Then live the new one as we wish
That we had lived the last.

3 Another hundred years
Have swiftly sped away,
With all their labors, toils and tears,
And wait the Judgment Day.
Another century's gone—
Is gone forever more;
A new one full of promise stands
Now waiting at the door.

4 Oh, let us all fulfill
The task that God has given,
And ever seek to do His will
As it is done in heaven;
That when life's toils shall end,
And we shall hence remove,
We may at last to heaven ascend,
And dwell in perfect love.

Note—On Monday night, December 31, 1900, just as the clock struck twelve, the church bells rang, and fireworks lit the air, all reminding us of the fact that the old year and the old century had just passed away, and that the new century had just dawned. Tempus fugit. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

57. MY SINS ARE ALL TAKEN AWAY. 9s & 8s.

(See also No. 61, "Hymns of Calvary," No. 66, in "Cumberland Hymns," and No 66 in "The Harp of Glory.")

1 Have you heard what Jesus said to me,
"Thy sins are all taken away;"

And now I'm happy as I can be,
My sins are all taken away.

Chorus.

My sins are all taken away, away,
My sins are all taken away, away,
My burden is gone and I am free,
My sins are all taken away.

2 Praise the Lord for grace so free and full,
My sins are all taken away,
Though once like crimson they're now as wool,
My sins are all taken away.

3 See the cleansing streams of mercy flow,
My sins are all taken away,
Though once like crimson, they're white as snow,
My sins are all taken away.

4 Iv'e been cleansed from sin, I'm purified,
My sins are all taken away,
By faith in Jesus I'm justified,
My sins are all taken away.

5 Oh, the crimson tide has cleansed my soul,
My sins are all taken away,
The blood of Jesus has made me whole,
My sins are all taken away.

6 And the Spirit witnessing to me,
"Thy sins are all taken away,"
Now gives assurance of victory,
My sins are all taken away.

7 So I praise the Lord as on I go,
My sins are all taken away,
My soul is happy, for I do know,
My sins are all taken away.

8 When we meet around the throne above,
My sins are all taken away,
We'll sing in heaven redeeming love,
My sins are all taken away.

58. CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK. 11s.

Psalm 18:2. Tune, No. 51, "Hymns of Calvary."
(See also No. 277, "Times of Refreshing, Centenary Edition," No. 116, "Cumberland Hymns," and No. 116 in "The Harp of Glory.")

1 "Cling close to the Rock," when the tempest is near,
When dark and appalling the clouds overhead;
There's safety in Jesus, He frees us from fear,
He gives us sweet rest and release from all dread.

Chorus.

Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
Oh near to the Rock let me keep;
There is rest, sweet rest, in the shadow of the Rock,
Oh, near to the Rock let me keep.

2 "Cling close to the Rock," when thy friends have all fled,
When sad and forsaken thou standest alone,
For never thy Saviur will leave thee in dread,
But comfort and cheer thee with grace from His throne.

3 "Cling close to the Rock," when thou art weary and sad,
There's rest in the Rock's blessed shadow for thee,
Thy heart shall be light and the spirits be glad,
When Jesus from sin shall have made thy soul free.

Note—Little Johnny and his sister one day were going through a long, narrow railroad tunnel. The railroad company had built small clefts here and there through the tunnel. Johnny and his sister heard a train coming, and the sister just put him in one cleft and she hurried and hid in another. The train came thundering alnog, and as it passed the sister cried out: "Johnny, cling close to the rock! Johnny, cling close to the rock!" And they were safe.—D. L. Moody.

59. CLOSER TO THEE. 10s & 9s.

Tune, 136, "Hymns of Calvary."

1 Closer to Thee, O blessed Redeemer.
Draw me still closer each day and hour;
Closer and closer, Jesus, my Saviour,
Draw us still closer by Thy great power.

Refrain.

Closer to Thee, O precious Redeemer,
Closer to Thee, we earnestly pray;
Closer to Thee in thought and purpose,
Draw us ,dear Saviour, closer to Thee.

2 Closer to Thee, when trials await us,
Closer to Thee when Satan is near;
Closer to Thee when courage is weakened,
Strengthen our hearts and keep us from fear.

3 Closer to Thee when sorrows surround us,
Closer to Thee when earth's comforts flee;
Closer to Thee, when earth's friends are failing,
Closer dear Saviour, closer to Thee.

4 Closer to Thee, when life is receding,
Closer and closer when death shall come;
Closer to Thee while crossing Death's River,
Closer to Thee in Heaven our Home.

60. 8s & 7s.

CRIMSON CALVARY ANSWERS, "NO!"

Luke 23:33, 34. Tune, No. 44, "Hymns of Calvary."
(See also No. 81, "The Songs of Zion," also No 217 in "Baptist Hymn and Praise Book.")

1 Shall I be condemned forever,
If I to the Lord draw near;
If I sue for peace and pardon,
Will He deign to hear my prayer.
Will He scorn my deep contrition,
Will He not His grace bestow?
Will He scorn my heart's petition?
Crimson Calvary answers, "No!"

2 I am mourning o'er my follies,
I am weeping o'er my sin;
For my guilt's become oppressive,
And a burden long has been;
Will the Lord be gracous to me,
If I tell Him all my woe,
Will He leave me in my anguish?
Crimson Calvary answers, "No!"

3 If I go and tell Him truly,
How I have His love abused,
How I've sinned against His mercy,
And His pardon have refused;
Will He grant His loving favor,
When in penitence I go;
Or in wrath will He forsake me?
Crimson Calvary answers "No!"

4 While upon the cross he suffered,
Jesus prayed with dying breath,
"Father, oh, forgive them," cried He,

"Save them from eternal death."
Am I worse than those who mocked Him,
And who pierces Him long ago,
Have I passed beyond His mercy?
Crimson Calvary answers, "No!"

61. C. M. with Chorus.

OH, SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

John 6: 37. Tune, No. 142, Cumberland Hymns. (See also No. 142 in "The Harp of Glory," No. 259 in "Times of Refreshing, Century Edition," and "Hymns of Calvary," No. 43. Two different tunes are used.)

1 Oh Lamb of God I come to Thee,
Oh, save me at the cross;
Thy precious blood is all my plea,
Oh, save me at the cross.

Chorus.

Oh, Jesus receive me,
No more will I grieve Thee,
Thou precious Redeemer,
Oh, save me at the cross.

2 I've sinned, I know, but Thou hast died,
Oh, save me at the cross;
I flee for refuge to Thy side,
Oh, save me at the cross.

3 If I should perish I will pray,
Oh, save me at the cross;
Dear Saviour, cast me not away,
Oh, save me at the cross.

4 Thy pardoning grace is full and free,
Oh, save me at the cross,
In mercy, Lord, now think on me,
Oh ,save me at the cross.

5 Oh, let Thy blood now be applied,
Oh, save me at the cross,
And bring me near Thy bleeding side,
Oh, save me at the cross.

6 O "Rock of Ages," now cleft for me,
O save me at the cross,
And "let me hide myself in Thee,"
O save me at the cross.

7 Here Lord, I would forever stay,
O save me at the cross,

And never more would go astray,
O save me at the cross.

62. A CHRISTMAS CAROL. 9, 6, 10, 6.

Luke 2:13, 14. No. 118, "Hymns of Calvary."
(Words suggested and melody by Miss Pearl Gertrude Dale. Arranged by her fathr, Rev. W. T. Dale.)

1 Chime on, sweet bells, your music to swell,
And greet the Saviour's birth;
For happy are we His praises to tell
In glad and joyous mirth.

Chorus.

Chime on, sweet bells, chime on,
Chime on, sweet bells, chime on,
Chime on, ye Christmas bells, chime on,
Chime on, sweet bells, chime on.

2 'Tis Christmas tide and merry are we,
As we our voices raise;
In sweet accord, both happy and free,
And sing the Saviour's praise.

3 Now let our hearts with praises o'erflow,
And all the world rejoice;
For Jesus was born His power to show.
Now lift each heart and voice.

4 Ten thousand hearts this moment rejoice,
To own their Lord and King;
While happy in heart, with jubilant voice,
Our Saviour's praise we sing.

Note—On December 11, 1901, the young authoress, then only 15 years old, said to her father: "Papa, while you are composing songs. why don't you compose a Christmas Carol?" He replied, "Daughter, as you are thinking about it, why don't you compose one? What would you like?" And immediately she began and sang the melody that accompanies these words, together with the first stanza. Her father then copied the tune, and helped her out on the remaining stanzas and chorus. This was at Wartrace, Tenn. But she did not live to see the song in print, for on Monday morning, August 10, 1903, at Jasper, Tenn., she suddenly fell "asleep in the arms of Jesus." And now she is singing the "Song of Moses and the Lamb," with her mother, two brothers, Willie and Oscar, and three sisters, Lula, Mamie and Nellie, and many other loved ones in the land of the "Sweet Bye and Bye."

63. 7s & 5s.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN RALLY SONG.

No. 1, "Cumberland Songs."

1 Rally 'round our Banner, friends,
Loyal ones and true;
Speak your minds and raise your voice,
Which is now your due.

Chorus.
Rally 'round our Banner, friends,
Rally for the right;
Now's the time to take your stand,
If you'd win the fight.

2 When the next Assembly meets,
Every one turn out;
Oh, ye brave and loyal ones,
Give a mighty shout.

3 For our God we mean to stand,
And our Church so dear;
Yes, and for our property,
With a title clear.

4 "Whosoever" is our cry,
Whosoever will;
Ho! my brethren, vict'ry's nigh,
Trust Jehovah still.

Note—This song was published in 1907 in "Cumberland Songs," the "Dickson Assembly Song Book," which was used extensively throughout the Church.

64. **ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.** 11s & 9s.

No. 8, "Cumberland Songs."

(See also No. 8 in "Cumberland Hymns.")

This song is commemorative of the organization of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, by Revs. Finis Ewing, Samuel McAdow, and Samuel King, Feb. 4, 1810.

1 One hundred years ago in the Old Log House,
Stood our Fathers, loyal ,true and brave;
Shall we surrender now and give up our Church?
Never, while ther're any souls to save.

Chorus.
Let us sing, . . . Praise the Lord,
Hallelujah! . . . Hallelujah!
Praise the Lord, hallelujah, praise the Lord;
Let the joyful anthems swell,
We will sound the happy notes,

And His praises we will tell,
We will sing with sweet accord.

2 One hundred years ago, like to Pentecost,
A revival swept this land of ours;
Oh, may we all be filled with the Holy Ghost,
Filling us with zeal and old time power.

3 One hundred years ago, our beloved Church,
Was organized by th' immortal three;
By Ewing, McAdow, and by Samuel King,
That from chains of fate we might be free.

4 One hundred years ago, marked the glorious light,
Of our "whosoever will, may come;"
And millions now in heaven their garments white,
Praise the Lord who brought them safely home.

65. **THE OLD CHURCH STILL STANDS.** L. M. D.

Matt. 16:18. No. 5, "Cumberland Hymns."
(Words also found in "Cumberland Songs," No. 5.)

1 Amid the fury of the blast,
She's standing like a pillar grand;
And stand she will while time shall last,
And storms shall sweep o'er sea and land.
Though now divided, still she stands,
A mighty monument for truth;
Her light shall stream o'er many lands,
And guide the aged and the youth.

2 Her "Via Media" light shall shine
O'er all this darksom land of ours;
Dispelling gloom with light divine,
And filling us with old time power.
Her mission is a glorious one,
By heaven ordained she stands today;
Cmmissioned by God's only Son,
Her banner shall have boundless sway.

3 In vain did man attempt to crush
This vine which God of old did plant,
For 'mid their mad and mighty rush,
God did our supplications grant.
Now standing like a mighty tower,
Her light shall stream o'er earth abroad;
And fill the world with heavenly power,
And turn the nations unto God.

4 Though weakened in the eyes of man,
She's stronger in the faith today;
And stronger than when she began,
And still she's in the good old way.
And still the Old Church stands today,
And stand she must till time is o'er;
Till on that day in bright array,
We all shall gather on that shore.

Note.—These words were written November 15, 1906, suggested by the attempt to merge the Cumberland Presbyterian Church into the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., which failed and left the Cumberland Presbyterian Church intact. And though weakened numerically and financially, she is stronger in the faith, and her zeal will overcome the depressing influences brought to bear against her by her enemies. Long has she withstood the assaults of hell and of men, and through faith in her omnipotent God she is destined to triumph still.

66. "WHOSOEVER WILL." 10, 11, 11, 7.

Rev. 22:17. No. 62, "Cumberland Songs."
(See also No. 11 in Cumberland Songs," No. 11 in "The Harp of Glory," and No. 652 in "The Songs of Zion," the New Cumberland Hymnal.)

1 "Whosoever will," ah, come, come today,
While the tidings of the gospel sweetly sound;
Let the joyful news reach nations far away,
To the earth's remotest bound.

Chorus.
Whosoever will . . . . .
Whosoever will, whosoever will,
Bear the joyful tidings over plain and hill;
For our loving Father calls His children home,
Whosoever will may come.

2 "Whosoever will," oh, sinner draw near;
For the door of mercy now is open wide;
Jesus stands inviting, sinner, will you hear?
See His feet, His hands, His side.

3 "Whosoever will," means both you and me,
"Whosoever will," oh, listen to the call;
"Whosoever will" extends from sea to sea,
Jesus "tasted death for all."

Note—This song makes the offer of salvation co-extensive with the atonement of Jesus Christ, who "tasted death for every man," and who invites all to come to Him and be saved. The music is by Mr. H. A. R. Horton.

67. 5s & 7s.

WHEN THE SAINTS ARE GATHERING HOME.

Isa. 35:10. Tune, No. 97, "Cumberland Songs."
(See also No. 97 in "Cumberland Hymns.")

1 What a shout will rise, Through the opening skies,
When the saints are gathering home;
And the angels join, In the notes divine,
When the saints are gathering home.

Chorus.
When the saints are gathering home,
When the saints are gathering home;
Joyful songs they shall sing, While the heavenly arches ring
When the saints are gathering home.

2 We shall meet again, On the heavenly plain,
When the saints are gathering home,
Those who've gone before, Standing on that shore,
When the saints are gathering home.

3 "Saved by grace," we'll sing, And adore our King,
When the saints are gathering home,
All the ransomed throng, Shall resound the song,
When the saints are gathering home.

4 Spotless robes we'll wear, Victor's palms we'll bear,
When the saints are gathering home,
And we'll shout at last, All our sorrows past,
When the saints are gathering home.

68. THE NEW JERUSALEM. 11, 8s & 10.

Rev. 21:2. Air, "My Old Kentucky Home."
("The Holy City, New Jerusalem," No. 86, ("Cumberland Hymns.") Suggested.

1 They need no sun in the New Jerusalem,
For Christ is the light we are told;
The fountains play, and the flowers ever bloom,
As they grow beside the streets made of gold.

Chorus.
We'll be gone tomorrow,
We're only pilgrims here;
Let us sing a song of the New Jerusalem,
Of the New Jerusalem bright and fair.

2 The angels sing and the bands of glory play,
All happy and joyous and bright;

They march along in the hallelujah way,
In the New Jerusalem, free from night.

3 They weep no more, all their tears are wiped away,
No sorrow can come to that shore;
'Tis peace and joy for they praise Him all the day,
And the "New Song" they shall sing evermore.

4 I think they'll tell of the battles here below,
Who've fought by our side in the fray;
But all they do is not given us to know,
In the New Jerusalem far away.

69. GONE FROM OUR VISION. 5s, 6s & 7s.

Tune, "Juanita."

(See No. 86, "Cumberland Songs," No. 86, "Cumberland Hymns," and No. 86 in "The Harp of Glory.")

1 Gone from our vision,
To that land so bright and fair;
Loved ones are waiting,
Till our voice they hear;
Then with shouts we'll join them,
'Mid the floods of golden light;
When the beams of glory
Dawn upon our sight.

Chorus.

Over the river,
Loved ones wait our coming there,
Over the river,
In that land so fair.

2 Gone from our vision,
Those we loved in days of yore,
Now they are resting,
On that radiant shore;
Oh, the happy meeting,
When we cross the chilly tide,
Oh, the shouts of welcome,
On the other side.

3 Gone from our vision,
But they dwell in mansions bright,
Over the river,
Where there is no night.
They are safe with Jesus,
While the ages roll along,
In those glorious mansions
With the white robed throng.

70. **YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.** 11s & 6.

John 3:7. Tune, 56, "Cumberland Songs."
(Seealso No. 56 in "Cumberland Hymns," and No. 56 in "Supplement to The Harp of Glory.")

1 A Pharisee came to the Saviour by night,
A "master in Israel," seeking for light;
And Jesus made answer both simple and plain,
"Ye must be born again."

Refrain.

"Ye must be born again,"
"Ye must be born again,"
Most truly, yes, truly I say unto thee,
"Ye must be born again."

2 This ruler that came to the Master that night,
Belonged to the Church but he had not the light;
Like thousands today his religion was vain;
He was not born again.

3 Ye thoughtless and careless give heed to the word,
Most solemnly spoken by Jesus our Lord;
Attend to this message lest it should be vain;
"Ye must be born again."

4 Ye sighing and sorrowing who would find rest,
And sing the new song of the ransomed and blest;
His mercy and pardon you must first obtain;
"Ye must be born again."

5 A father and mother in glory may stand,
To welcome you home to that heavenly land;
Then hearken and heed this most solemn refrain:
"Ye must be born again."

71. 8s, 7s & 11s.

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED IN HEAVEN.

Hebrews 12:23. Tune, 22, "The Battle Cry."
(See also No. 22 in "The Harp of Glory," and No. 677 in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 We have often met together in sweet fellowship below,
When our hearts were pressed with sorrow, grief and care;
But we soon shall meet up yonder, when to glory we shall go,
When the roll is called in heaven, I'll be there.

Chorus.

When the roll is called in heaven,
When the roll is called in heaven;
When the roll is called in heaven,
When the roll is called in heaven, I'll be there.

2 Now we hear the noise of battle, It's the cl ashof arms
I hear,
Like our fathers, let us fleeto God in prayer;
Up ye mighty men of valor, Don your armor ,never
fear,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

3 Take your stand along with Jesus, Follow any where
He goes,
Shout the name of Jesus, shout it forth in prayer;
He will lead you on to vict'ry, He will conquer all
His foes;
When the roll is called in heaven, I'll be there.

4 When the din of battle's over, And the enemy has
fled,
And has sunken down in sad and deep despair;
When amidst a solemn silence Heaven's muster roll
is read,
When the roll is called in heaven, I'll be there.

72. 12s & 9s.

WILL THERE BE ANY STARS IN MY CROWN?

Dan. 12:3. Tune, 91, "Hymns of Calvary."

1 There's a home far away in that beautiful land,
Where I'll dwell when my sun has gone down;
But oh, tell me, I pray, when in heaven I stand,
"Will there be any stars in my crown?"

Chorus.

Will there be any stars shining bright in my crown,
When the sun of my life has gone down?
When the time comes to die, and I soar up on high,
Will there be any stars in my crown?

2 Help me, Lord, as I labor for souls here each day,
Ere the summer of life shall have flown;
Ever watchful to be as I labor and pray,
So I'll gain many stars for my crown.

3 Then with shouting I'll come as my sheaves I shall
bring,
Gathered from precious seed I have sown;
Then I'll stand in the presence of Jesus my King,
And receive from His hand a bright crown.

73. 12s & 7s.

OH, WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

Rev. 6:17. No. 135, "Times of Refreshing."
(See also No. 216 in "Hymns of Calvary" and No. 157 in "The Harp of Glory.")

1 There's a great Judgment Day that is coming we know,
Is coming to one and all;
For the Judge shall descend in His power divine,
And shall judge both great and small.

2 Then the righteous and wicked together shall meet,
To judgment they shall be brought;
And the Judge shall proclaim to the righteous, "Well done,"
The wicked, "I know you not."

3 Then there'll be great rejoicing of happy ones there,
Who followed the Saviour here;
When they hear Him declare, "Come ye blessed of mine,
And enter my home so fair."

4 But there'll be lamentation and mourning that day,
When Jesus shall say, "Depart;"
And the wicked shall flee from is presence away,
What rending of every heart.

5 O prepare us, dear Lord, for Thy coming ere long,
The judgment of that great day;
When the saints shall rejoice in Thy presence with song,
The wicked be driven away.

74. L. M. with Chorus.

THE HOMEWARD PATH.

Heb. 11:13. Tune, 91, "Cumberland Hymns."
(See also No. 91 in "The Harp of Glory.")

1 The homeward path I slowly take,
The sun is slowly setting now;
The scenes of earth my eyes forsake,
The shadows gather on my brow.

Chorus.
I am wending home,
I am wending home;
The shadows gather on my brow,
I'm slowly wending home.

2 Lo! now I slowly wend my way,
Towards the setting of life's sun;
And soon will come a brighter day,
When all my work here shall be done.

3 Towards yon goal I'm wendinng now,
Where loved ones wait to welcome me;
And with a smile upon my brow,
My Saviour I shall see.

4 My labors here will soon be past,
My trials here will soon be o'er;
And I shall rest in peace at last,
Upon that bright and golden shore.

5 Oh, what a happy time 'twill be,
From sin and sorrow to be free;
To shout and sing through endless day,
The Lord hath led me all the way.

Note—This song, words and music was written August 4, 1909, and is dedicated to all who realize that they are slowly wending their way towards the better land, as also does the author.

75. IN THE GOOD OLD BIBLE WAY. 8s & 7s.

Jer. 6:16; John 14:6. No. 120, "Harp of Glory."

1 Are you marching on to glory,
In the good old Bible way?
Do you love to tell the story,
In the good old Bible way?

Refrain.

In the good old Bible way,
In the good old Bible way!
I am on my way to glory,
In the good old Bible way.

2 Have you made a full surrender,
In the good old Bible way?
Trusting in His love so tender,
In the good old Bible way?

3 Have you got the old-time blessing,
In the good old Bible way?
Are you now His peace possessing,
In the good old Bible way?

4 Is your love for Jesus glowing,
In the good old Bible way?

Is your praise for Him o'erflowng,
In the good old Bible way?

5 Are you keeping close to Jesus,
In the good old Bible way?
Who from sin and death now frees us,
In the good old Bible way?

6 Are you in the Lord confiding ,
In the good old Bible way?
Is He now your footsteps guiding,
In the good old Bible way?

7 Are you for the Saviour living,
In the good old Bible way?
Of your means and talents giving,
In the good old Bible way?

8 Oh, I feel that I love Jesus,
In the good old Bible way?
Who from sin and death now frees us,
In the good old Bible way?

76. THE HARPS OF HEAVEN. 8s & 7s.

"And I heard the voice of harpers, harping on their harps."
"And I heard the voice of harpers, harping on their harps."

List! the harps of heaven are ringing,
Mingling in celestial lays;
While the myriad hosts are singing
To their great Redeemer's praise.

1 Don't you hear the harps of glory,
In the heavenly courts above,
Chiming in the old, old story,
Of a Saviour's dying love?
Hark the music of the ransomed,
Flows in sweet melodious lays;
While the saints with swelling cadence,
Riase their joyful shouts of praise.

Chorus.
Now each saint in glory's singing,
And the joyful anthem swells;
While each harp with music's ringing,
And the praise of Jesus tells.

2 List again, hear how they're singing,
How they sing the new, new song;
And the harps with music ringing,

Roll their melody along.
See the wondering angels listen
To that wondrous song of love,
While the harps of heaven glisten
In the sunlight bright above.

3 Once again I hear them singing,
As the prodigals come home,
Coming with their sins to Jesus,
Having ceased from Him to roam;
O! the shouting now in heaven,
Parents now with one acclaim,
Shout together o'er their children,
As they praise the Saviour's name.

77. **CHILDREN'S DAY.** C. M.

No. 31, "Gospel Melodies."
(See also "The Harp of Glory," No. 37. This song was sung first on Children's Day at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Gallatin, Tenn., June 20, 1890, soon after its publication.)

1 We come today with brightest flowers,
To praise our glorious King;
This tribute from our "Summer bowers,"
To Jesus now we bring.

Chorus.

'Tis Children's Day, bright happy day,
Let all the childlren gladly sing;
In sweetest song the notes prolong,
And make this temple gladly ring.

2 We praise Thee, Lord, for all Thy grace,
Which Thou hast richly given;
Oh, meet us in this hallowed place,
And fit our souls for heaven.

3 In life's bright morn, O Lord, we come;
Accept the praise we bring;
And when we die, oh, take us home,
Thy glorious praise to sing.

78. **A DEDICATION HYMN.** L. M.

Tune, Dedication.

(See No. 176, "Gospel Melodies," and also No. 451 in "The Songs of Zion." This hymn with its tune was written and published in 1890 to be used at the dedication of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Gallatin, Tenn.)

1 Oh! God, our father's God, to Thee,
We dedicate this house today;
Oh! keep it from all error free,
And here Thy richest grace display.

2 Here when Thy waiting people meet,
To offer prayer and pay their vows;
Oh! hear Thou from Thy mercy seat,
And let Thy glory fill this house.

3 And here when sinners seek Thy face,
Do Thou Thy gracious aid impart;
Oh! let Thine own pure word of grace,
Give comfort to each mourning heart.

4 When strangers to this house repair,
May they a hearty welcome meet;
And with Thy people richly share
The grace of love and friendship sweet.

5 Here when Thy gospel we proclaim,
Do Thou Thy gracious power make known;
Oh! magnify Thy glorious name,
And send salvation from Thy throne.

6 And when our lips to dust shall turn,
And to this house we no more come;
On other lips Thy praise shall burn,
While we are safe with Thee at home.

79. **A REQUIEM.** L. M.

No. 186, "Gospel Shower."

1 Oh, where is now our brother dear?
Gone home to mansions bright and fair;
No more he'll shed the bitter tear,
He's happy in his mansion there.

Refrain.

Gone home, gone home,
Beyond the rolling tide;
Gone home, gone home,
With Jesus there to dwell;

2 No more he'll meet us here below,
His toil and sacrifice are o'er;

And by the river's gentle flow,
He stands upon the golden shore.

3 But though he'll "visit us no more,
Yet we may go to him at last;"
And there we'll sing our troubles o'er,
When all life's labors here are past.

4 Farewell, dear brother, till we meet
Before the throne of God above;
And cast our crown at Jesus' feet,
And sing the triumphs of His love.

Note—This requiem, written for the occasion, was sung at the Memorial Services of the Rev. Milburn A. Maxey, by the Richland Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. It may also be used on any similar occasion, and may be adapted to the funeral of a sister by changing nouns and pronouns.

80. GONE BUT NOT LOST. L. M.

For the Unveiling of a Monument.

1 Gone, but not lost, our brother dear,
Gone home to glory and to God;
We meet today and drop a tear,
Where rests his body 'neath the sod.

2 Gone, but not lost, our brother true,
He rests in everlasting day;
This monument, a tribute due,
We dedicate to him today.

3 Gone, but not lost, oh! no, not lost,
Although he fell in battle strife,
He fell a soldier at his post,
And now he wears a crown of life.

4 Gone, but not lost, just gone before
Where Jesus and the angels dwell;
He rests in peace, his labors o'er,
And we today his triumphs tell.

Note—This requiem, written for the occasion, was sung at the unveiling of the monument of the Rev. Jas. B. Porter by the Richland Presbytery, April, 1881, at Spring Hill, Tenn., where this soldier of the cross now waits the resurrection of the just, in companionship with a host of others who fell by his side in the mighty conflict. He was one of the pioneer preachers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

81. S. M. with Chorus.

REST BEYOND THE TIDE.

No. 61, "Children's Hosannas."

1 There's rest beyond the tide,
Sweet rest for every soul;
Where everlasting joys abide,
And streams of pleasure roll.

Chorus.
There's rest, sweet rest for you,
Beyond the rolling tide;
There's rest, sweet rest for me,
And there we shall abide.

2 I am a stranger here,
A wanderer I roam;
A pilgrimage in a desert drear,
But heaven is my home.

3 Oh, when shall I be there,
In Caanan's goodly land?
When shall I reach my mansion fair,
And in God's palace stand?

4 Lord Jesus, quickly come,
Nor longer yet delay;
And take me to my heavenly home
In realms of endless day.

82. 10s.

SWEET HAVEN OF REST.

No. 31, "Children's Hosannas."

1 Sweet haven of rest, The home of the blest,
Sweet land of repose, secure from all woes;
I long to be there, In Eden so fair,
And sing on that shore, With friends gone before:

Chorus.
Oh, heaven ,sweet heaven,
Thy mansions I see;
From labor I'm resting,
From toil I am free.

2 Oh, home, blessed home, Beyond Jordan' foam,
Sweet mansions of rest, Where pilgrims are blest;
Oh, when shall I be, My Saviour with Thee;
And sing on that shore, With friends gone before?

3 O city of God, The angel's abode,
Thy towers appear, My spirit to cheer;

Oh, when shall I stand In Eden's bright land,
And sing on that shore, With friends gone before?

83. 8s Peculiar.

MAKE ROOM FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

1 "Lord, make room for a little child,"
Room among the angelic throng;
Room to sing in the heavenly choir,
Where the symphonies flow in song.

Chorus.
Make room for a little child,
Make room for a little child;
At Thy call I am coming, Lord,
Make room for a little child.

2 "Lord make room for a little child,"
In the mansions so bright and fair;
Room to dwell with my kindred dear,
Where the saints and the angels are.

3 "Lord, make room for a little child,"
In the bowers of Eden blest,
Room to stand on the mount of God,
Where I'll rest, ever sweetly rest.

Note—"Lord, make room for another little child in heaven," were the last words of the Little Violinist. This child began playing on the violin at a very early age, and his father took him on the stage to play. But one night he was taken from the stage with a high fever, and soon after he died, his last prayer being as above given. He was transferred to a choir in heaven.

84. **JUST WAITING.*** 11s.

No. 103, "Children's Hosannas."
(See also "Last Words, or Spirit Whispers," page 64, and in "Precious Jewels," page 20.)

1 Just waiting the summons to welcome me home,
Just waiting the time when my Saviour shall come
To take me away to His palace on high,
And give me a place in the sky.

Refrain.
Waiting, yes, waiting,
Just waiting till Jesus my Saviour shall come;
Waiting. yes, waiting,
Just waiting till Jesus shall welcome me home.

2 Just waiting to step from the borders of time,
Just waiting to enter the heavenly clime,

Just waiting the final adieu here below,
Just waiting with Jesus my Saviour to go.

3 Just waiting to stand on the beautiful shore,
With kindred and friends who have gone on before,
Just waiting to sing with the angels above,
Just waiting to chant the sweet anthem of love.

4 Just waiting with angels and seraphs to fall,
And worship the Saviour as Sovereign of all,
Just waiting to tell of His triumph and fame,
And shout in my ecstacy, "Worthy the Lamb."

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*"I am just waiting for the last summons." Last words of Rev. David Lowry, D.D., at one time pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Lebanon, Tenn. A great and good man.

85. **NEARING THE PORT.*** 12s & 9s.

No. 63, "Children's Hosannas."

(See also "Last Words, or Spirit Whispers," andn No. 90 in "Supplement ot the Harp of Glory.")

1 "I am nearing the port," I will soon be at home,
And the voyage of life will be o'er;
And beneath the high arches of heaven's bright dome,
I shall stand with my friends gone before.

Refrain.

I am nearing, yes, nearing,
I am nearing the port in the sky;
I am nearing, yes, nearing,
I am nearing the harbor on high.

2 "I am nearing the port," I will soon be at rest,
I will anchor at peace on the strand;
I shall stand on the shore 'mid the throng of the blest,
I will dwell in that beautiful land.

3 "I am nearing the port," for the land is in sight,
And the mountains in grandeur are seen;
And the landscapes of Eden I hail with delight,
And the plains that are covered with green.

4 "I am nearing the port," see the blessed have come,
And are gathering along on the shore;
Now they watch to receive me and welcome me home,
Where we'll part never, no never more.

5 I am anchored in port, I have reached the bright strand,
And the voyage of life is now past;

With my Saviour I'll dwell in this beautiful land,
And with rapture I'll shout, "Home at last."

*"My brother, I am nearing the port." Last words of Rev. W. H. Crutcher, of Texas.

86. **ALL IS PEACE.*** 9s.

Page 42, "Last Words."
(Also found in "Tidings of Joy.")

1 Now the song of triumph I will sing,
For the labor of life is all o'er;
And the mansions of glory shall ring,
When I stand on that beautiful shore.

Refrain.

All is peace, all is peace,
While the river I'm waiting to cross;
All is peace, all is peace,
While the river I'm waiting to cross.

2 Many trials and sorrows I've past,
But through grace I have triumphed o'er all;
Though I die I shall conquer at last,
Shall in triumph arise though I fall.

3 I shall sing on the waves of the tide
The enrapturing song of the blest
For my Saviour will be at my side,
And will take me to mansions of rest.

*"I am here waiting by the river side; but all is peace, all is peace." Last words of the Rev. Henry Bryson, D.D., a grand old patriarch in Israel, at whose hands I received baptism in my father's arms when I was but an infant. Dr. Bryson was Principal of Vinney Grove Seminary, Lincoln County, Tennessee, and educated a number of men for the ministry who became useful in their day.

87. 7s & 9.

SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

(For music see "Supplement to The Harp of Glory," No. 92, or No. 51, "Children's Hosannas.")

1 "I am sweeping through the gates,"
Through the gates of purest gold,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
I have often heard of heaven,
But the half has ne'er been told,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Refrain.

Sweeping through the gates,
Sweeping through the gates,
O I'm sweeping through the gates,
Yes, I'm sweeping through the gates,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2 "I am sweeping through the gates,"
Singing glory to the Lamb,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
With my garments white and clean,
Washed from every stain I am,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

3 "I am sweeping through the gates,"
To the throne of God so bright,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
And the joy that there awaits,
Now is bursting on my sight,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

4 "I am sweeping through the gates,"
All my griefs and sorrows past,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
Blessed Jesus, I have come,
I am safe at home at last,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Note—"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb." Last words of Rev. Alfred Cookman.

88. **ALL IS WELL.*** L. M.

Page 36, "Last Words."

1 High let the song of triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies;
I truimph over death and hell;
"I trust in Jesus—all is well."

Refrain.

All is well, all is well,
I trust in Jesus—all is well; etc.

2 I go to join the choral throng,
And wake the lays in heavenly song;
Now let the pealing anthem swell;
"I trust in Jseus—all is well."

3 With saints and angels at the throne,
I'll make His highest glories known;
In rapturous strains His praises tell;
"I trust in Jesus—all is well."

4 I bid adieu to all below,
To every sin and every woe;
In mansions bright I soon shall dwell;
"I trust in Jesus—all is well."

5 I'm safely moored, my voyage o'er,
I've gained the bright, eternal shore;
Now rage ye powers of sin and hell:
"I trust in Jesus—all is well."

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*I trust in Jesus, all is well." Last words of Judge Nathan Green, Sr., Lebanon, Tenn.

89. "FAREWELL, VAIN WORLD." L. M. D.

Page 18, "Last Words."

1 What glory fills my soul tonight!
What beams are bursting on my sight;
The Eden fields in glory rise,
To greet my wondering, raptured eyes;
What sweet melodious sounds I hear,
The songs of angels greet mine ear;
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
"Farewell vain world, I'm going home."

2 I'm going where the Saviour reigns,
To bless His name in melting strains;
I'll lift my voice in accents sweet,
While humbly sitting at His feet;
And all His wondrous love adore,
And bless His name forevermore;
For now He kindly bids me come:
"Farewell, vain world, I'm going home."

3 I'm going where my friends have gone;
I'll meet them at my Father's throne;
Together we will ever dwell;
Together all our triumphs tell;
I'm going now, I'll soon be there;
I soon shall reach those mansions fair:
For now my Saviour bids me come:
"Farewell! vain world, I'm going home."

4 I'm going where the angels are,
The spirit land so light and fair;
Where not a single tear is shed,
Where sin and sorrow both have fled,
To that pure world I soon shall soar,

And dwell with Jesus evermore;
For now the angel bands have come,
"Farewell, vain world, I'm going home."

*Note—"Farewell to all, farewell vain world, I'm going home." Last words of Mrs. Mary A. Pitts, Molino, Lincoln County, Tennessee. It was the author's privilege to be present and to witness this triumphal scene.

90. "WHAT CROWDS OF THEM!" C. M.

Page 17, "Last Words."

1 What crowds of angels fill the sky,
They're just from glory come;
Celestial messengers are nigh,
They come to take me home.

Chorus.
What crowds of them! What crowds of them!
What crowds of beautiful angels bright;
What crowds of them! What crowds of them!
What crowds of beautiful angels bright.

2 See how they speed their downward flight,
And hasten to my side;
They'll bear me on their pinions bright,
Beyond the rolling tide.

3 What crowds of holy watchers come,
They hasten me away;
And soon I'll reach my heavenly home,
And dwell in endless day.

4 I rise, I mount, I fly away,
While heavenly guards attend;
I soar aloft to cloudless day,
Where pleasures never end.

5 I'm going where the angels are,
The Eden that I love;
To mansions beautiful and fair,
My glorious home above.

6 Farewell, my weeping friends, farewell,
I'm done with all below;
My joy and bliss no tongue can tell,
To Jesus I shall go.

Note—"What crowds of them! What crowds of them! Can't you all see them?" Last words of Miss Bettie C. Murrey.

91. **THE SAME SUBJECT.** L. M.

Tune, "Asleep in Jesus."

1 "What crowds of them! What crowds of them!"
Who throng the New Jerusalem;
And stand around my Father's throne,
Where all is joy and peace unknown.

2 "What crowds of them! What crowds of them!"
Who praise the name of Christ the Lamb;
With golden harps they sound His praise,
And high the notes of love they raise.

3 "Come kiss me quick, I'm ging now,
At Jesus' feet I soon shall bow;
With all the ransomed I shall stand,
Who gather in that peaceful land.

4 "Come sing a song! I soon shall raise
My raptured voice in tuneful lays;
Before the throne of God above,
In that blest home of light and love."

5 Before the throne of God so bright.
I'll worship Him with sweet delight;
I'll strike aloud each tuneful chord,
And wake the praises of the Lord.

6 I'm waiting now, I soon shall go,
Where sorrow I shall never know;
For there's no death nor sorrow there,
I soon shall ope the portals fair.

7 And there I'll stand at heaven's gate,
With eager heart I'll watch and wait;
Until you all shall reach that shore,
Where we'll strike hands to part no more.

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*Written at West Harpeth, December 8, 1876.

92. **'TIS SWEET TO DIE.*** 9s & 8s.

Page 26, "Last Words."

1 "'Tis sweet to die and be with Jesus,"
'Tis sweet to rest from toil and pain;
'Tis sweet to look beyond the conflict,
When with the Saviour we shall reign.

Refrain.

'Tis sweet to die, yes, sweet to die,
With Jesus for our Friend and Guide;

'Tis sweet to die, yes, sweet to die,
And pass beyond death's chilling tide.

2 "'Tis sweet to die, and be with Jesus,"
'Tis sweet to lay our armour down;
And sweeter still to bring our trophies,
And then receive our shining crown.

3 "'Tis sweet to die and be with Jesus,"
'Tis sweet to cross o'er Jordan's foam;
'Tis sweet to rest in Eden's bowers,
'Tis sweet to die and be at home.

*"It is sweet to die and be with Jesus." Last words of Rev. Israel S. Pickens.

93. 9s & 8s.

"I'D RATHER DIE AND BE WITH JESUS."

1 Live here in this lone vale of sorrow,
Amid surrounding cares and woe;
"I'd rather die and be with Jesus,"
Where tears of sorrow never flow.

Refrain.

I'd rather de, I'd rather die,
And be with Jesus ever blest;
I'd rather die, I'd rather die,
And with my blessed Saviour rest.

2 I'm young, but here I find no pleasure,
To satisfy my craving soul;
Then let me fly away to heaven,
Where streams of pleasure ever roll.

3 Farewell to all the scenes of childhood,
To all on earth I bid adieu;
For I am going up to Eden,
Where brighter scenes I soon shall view.

4 Farewell, farewell, my loving father,
I'm passing over Jordan now;
But Jesus He is going with me,
And soon before His throne I'll bow.

5 Farewell, my mother, loving mother,
You'll miss your daughter here I know;
But mother dear, I'll be in heaven,
For to my Saviour I shall go.

6 Farewell! my loving brother, sister,
I know you'll miss my presence here;
And when you gather round the hearth-stone,
You'll see my little vacant chair.

7 But gather up my toys, dear sister,
You'll put them all away, I know;
And when your happy voices mingle,
Let not a tear of sorrow flow.

8 Remember when I've gone to heaven,
That I'll be standing at the gate;
I'll walk beside the peaceful river,
And for you all I'll watch and wait.

9 Farewell! farewell, until the meeting,
When we'll strike hands to part no more;
And far beyond the reach of sorrow,
We'll gather on the peaceful shore.

*Note—These words were suggested by the last words of Little Martha A. Dale, Molino, Tenn. When asked if she wanted to get well, she said: "No, I'd rather die and be with Jesus." This song was the means of four happy conversions on a Saturday morning during a revival meeting at Tusculum Church, Davidson County, Tennessee, in July, 1880. These were Amanda Wood, Luella, Neal and Tommy Bell.

94. I'LL DIE A SHOUTING GLORY. 9s & 8s.

Page 45, "Last Words."

1 "I'll die a shouting glory, glory,"
Yes, glory to the Lord on high;
And when in heaven I'll sing the story,
And shout forever in the sky.

Refrain.

I'll die a shouting glory, glory,
Glory to the Saviour's name;
I'll die a shouting glory, glory,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

2 And when I reach the pleasing summit,
And join my home in Paradise,
I'll shout again with glad emotion,
And praise the Lord of earth and skies.

3 I'll praise Him for His matchless kindness;
I'll praise Him for His wondrous love;
I'll praise Him for His great salvation;
I'll praise Him in His courts above.

4 Oh, glory to the mighty Father;
Oh, glory to the blessed Son;
And glory to the blessed Spirit—
The Holy Trinity in One.

Note—"I'll die a shouting glory." Last words of Mrs. Sophia Gray.

32. MY SEVENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

February 20, 1845, versus February 20, 1916.
(Copied here on the author's 72nd birthday.)

I.

The years have swiftly sped away
Since first I saw the light of day;
And swifter now they seem to pass,
As I draw nearer to the last.

II.

The hill of life I now descend,
As I draw nearer to the end;
And soon I'll cross the swelling tide,
And land beyond on Canaan's side.

III.

My father, mother, loved ones there,
Have reached that land so bright and fair;
Two brothers and a sister dear
Are waiting for me over there.

IV.

Companion, children, gone before,
Have crossed unto the other shore;
Where all God's children, one by one,
Are gathering now before the throne.

V.

I've often thought I'd love to be
With those who've won the victory;
And have the consciousness within
Of vict'ry over death and sin.

VI.

I trust I shall subdue my foes,
And then enjoy that sweet repose,
Where wicked men no more molest,
And where the "weary are at rest."

VII.

Oh, how the milestones multiply,
As I go on toward the sky;

Last year I passed "three score and ten,"
And now another one since then.

VIII.

My course on earth will soon be run,
My work below will soon be done;
I know I have not long to wait,
Ere I shall reach the golden gate.

IX.

Then "what a meeting that will be"
When I again my loved ones see;
Together we shall reign above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.

X.

I pause to count the milestones past,
And sev'nty-one I find is last;
So now I dedicate once more
Myself to God till life is o'er.

XI.

And when my race on earth is run,
And all my work below is done;
I hope to see my Saviour's face,
Through riches of redeeming grace.

XII.

And when departing hear a song,
The music of the ransomed throng;
Then let a band of angels come
And bear me to my heavenly home.

Note—Having written four poems on my birthday, I do not feel like writing another today; but content myself with copying this one for publication on this my seventy-second birthday. I feel more than ever a sense of my own weakness and unworthiness in the sight of God; but I cast myself upon His mercy through Jesus Christ my Lord. W. T. D.

Nashville, Tenn., Tuesday, February 20, 1917.

33. IN MEMORY OF LITTLE MARY ELIZABETH COOK.

She was born July 2, 1907, and died April 4, 1908, aged nine months and two days.
She was baptized by her grandfather, Rev. W. T. Dale, March 31, 1908, four days before her death.

I.

Our little Mary, dear,
Has gone to realms of light;
To dwell in mansions bright and fair,
Beyond these scenes of night.

II.
With golden harp in hand,
She sings God's praise above;
And with the saints she takes her stand,
Where all is peace and love.

III.
Sweet darling, though she's gone,
She's cherished by us still;
And while her death we think upon,
The tears our eyes will fill.

IV.
She's happy now, we know,
In that celestial land;
Where streams of pleasures ever flow,
And joys at God's right hand.

V.
Angels their vigils keep,
Above that lonely tomb;
Where she in peace doth sweetly sleep,
Till Christ, our Lord, shall come.

VI.
In faith and hope we wait
Our summons to that land;
When we shall pass the pearly gate,
And with our loved ones stand.
Written February 2, 1910.

34. THERE'S NO POCKET IN A SHROUD.

"Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?" Luke 12: 20.

I.
I saw the rich man toiling here,
Laying up treasures year by year;
I saw him grinding down the poor,
That he more riches might secure.

II.
I saw him laboring as he built
His palace great, with gold all gilt;
And when 'twas finished, heard him cry,
"See what a mansion here have I."

III.
I saw him in his palace hall,
Feasting with friends, the gay and tall;

I heard the sound of dance and song,
Amid that gay and merry throng.

IV.

I looked again and all was still,
For every heart was cold and chill;
I saw the "Hand upon the wall,"
That wrote the doom of one and all.

V.

I saw the rich man as he died,
He took no riches by his side;
He left them to the gay and proud—
"There was no pocket in his shroud."

Nashville, Tenn.

35. **SILENT MUSINGS.**

I.

They tell us, wife, that we're too young,
(Professor D., you know, and I),
To write a book that will be sung,
They'll never know until we try.

II.

Were I a poet I'd rehearse
The deeds of those who fell in youth;
And I'd embalm in loftiest verse ,
The names of some who've fought for truth.

III.

Had Alexander, called the Great,
Not conquered all the world while young,
He never would have been the Great,
Nor we this day his praise have sung.

IV.

He died when only thirty-three
(And that is just my age, you know;
Were I to die as young as he,
No great exploits could I do.

V.

But then they'll say, and truly, too,
That I'm not Alexander the Great;
It matters not, the fact is true,
For age and skill he did not wait.

VI.

Had Pollok waite dfor more age,
And waited for experience, too;
The "Thc Course of Time," thoughts of a sage,
Had ne'er been left to me and you.

VII.

Hc died ere he was twenty-nine,
And I am older more than four;
I ask then if it is not time,
For me to venture out from shore?

VIII.

But then they'll say to me again,
That I'm not Pollok, great and sage;
All this I freely grant, but then,
I'm better by four years of age.

Note—This poem was written and published in "The St. Louis Observer," suggested by an article published in The Observer by the Rev. A. Templeton, D.D., in March, 1878, suggesting that the author and his associate, Prof. Dortch, were too young and inexperienced to compile and have published a Sabbath School Song Book which they contemplated publishing.

The poem made a convert of Dr. Templeton, for on meeting the writer soon after, he shook his hand heartily, and said to him: "You are on the right track; just go on; I have made a great many speeches for your book." And then asked him to write a song on the last words of his wife, who died in Chattanooga, Tenn. (See No. 95 in the Hymn Section of this book.)

IN MEMORIAM!

To my brother, James Hamilton Dale, son of Peter Alexander and Mrs. Mary Phagan Dale, born April 14, 1847, and died October 29, 1921, aged 74 years, 6 months and 12 days.

I.

Thy race is run, thy warfare's o'er,
And thou hast reached the golden shore;
Freed from all sorrow, grief and care,
Where now the happy angels are.

II.

You've passed your "three score years and ten,"
A pilgrim all these years you've been;
But now your pilgrimage is o'er,
And you shall rest forevermore.

III.

Rest, sweetly rest from toil and pain,
And with thy Saviour ever reign;

You'll dwell in mansions bright and fair,
With loved ones gone who met thee there.

IV.

With father, mother, childern dear,
Oh, what a joy to meet them there,
To be forever with the Lord,
As taught us in His Holy Word.

V.

You long had wanted to be there,
And sighed to be with Christ so dear,
And now you're safe at home at last,
Your conflicts are forever past.

VI.

Farewell, dear friends, until we meet,
Around the throne at Jesus' feet;
Where we shall never part again,
Freed from all sorrow, toil and pain.

VII.

Farewell to all I left below,
Whether they be friend or foe;
Until we join our hands above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.

VIII.

Farewell, companion, children, too,
A brother, sister, ever true;
To neighbors kind I bid farewell,
Until we meet in Heaven to dwell.

95. I'LL MEET YOU AT THE DOOR. 7s.

Page 50, "Last Words."

1 "Will you meet me at the door?"
When my mortal life is o'er,
When I lay my armor down,
And receive my shining crown?

Refrain.

"Will you meet me, will you meet me,
Will you meet me at the door?"
"Yes, I'll meet you, yes, I'll meet you,
Yes, I'll meet you at the door."

2 "Will you meet me at the door?"
When I reach the other shore—

When the troubled waves are past,
And I reach my home at last?

3 "Will you meet me at the door?"
With our friends who've gone before—
Who are watching at the gate,
And our coming now await?

4 "Will you meet me at the door?"
When above the stars I soar?
When my weary, wandering feet,
Reach the heavenly land so sweet?"

5 When we've entered heaven's door,
Then we'll part, no, never more;
In that land with angels fair,
We shall sing forever there.

Note—This hymn was suggested by the last words of Mrs. Mahala Templeton, consort of Rev. A. Templeton, D.D., then of Columbia, Tenn. When she was dying in Chattanooga, Tenn., on being asked by her husband, "Will you meet me at the door?" she replied, "Yes, I'll meet you at the door."

96. **THE MASTER CALLS.** L. M.

Tune, "Asleep in Jesus."

1 The Master calls, is calling me,
From every pain I'll soon be free;
I bid farewell to grief and fear,
For I am done with toil and care.

2 The Master calls—is calling now;
Before His throne I soon shall bow;
Among the ransomed take my stand,
In Eden's bright and happy land.

3 The Master calls, oh, blessed call,
At His own feet I soon shall fall;
I'll worship at His shrine above,
And sing of His redeeming love.

3 The Master calls—my friends, farewell!
I'm going where the angels dwell;
Farewell, until on Canaan's shore,
We meet again to part no more.

Note—"The Master calls, and I must go; farewell!" Last words of John H. Murray, of Illinois.

97. **GOING HOME.** 9s.

Tune, "Sweet Bye and Bye."

(See page 54 in "Last Words, or Spirit Whispers.")

1 "I am going to heaven, my home,"
Where the winter of sorrow is o'er;
Where the rainbow of glory is seen,
And the saints shall be severed no more.

Refrain.

Going home, going home,
I'm going to heaven, my home;
Going home, going home,
For my Saviour now bids me to come!

2 "I am going to heaven, my home,"
To the land where the blessed shall reign;
Where the glory of heaven now beams,
And the good shall be free from all pain.

3 "I am going to heaven, my home,"
Where the martyrs of Christ are now blest;
Where the prophets of God have all met,
And the saints of the Lord sweetly rest.

4 "I am going to heaven, my home,"
To that land where the seraphims sing;
Where the song of redemption now swells,
And the harps of eternity ring.

5 "I am going to heaven, my home,"
To my friends who have gone on before,
Who are standing and watching for me,
To receive me on Canaan's bright shore.

6 "I am going to heaven, my home,"
Where my friends, whom I love, will soon come;
For the angels will bring us all there,
And we'll gather at last safe at home.

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*"I am going to heaven, my home." Last words of Mrs. C. G. Harris, Belton, Bell County, Texas. (

98. **HOME AT LAST.** 7s & 6s.

Page 44, "Last Words."

1 Hear them shouting as they land,
Home at last! home at last!
Pilgrims on the farther strand,
Home at last! home at last!

Refrain.

Home at last! home at last!
They are home, are home at last;
They are home, are home at last—
Home at last, home at last.

2 Hear the singing as they land—
"Home at last! home at last!"
Pilgrims with the angel band,
Home at last, home at last.

3 Sainted ones are singing there,
"Home at last! home at last!"
Where the Saviour's love they share,
Home at last, home at last.

99. SPIRIT WHISPERS. 8s & 7s.

Page 7, "Last Words."

(May be sung to "Holy Mountains," No. 387, in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 "Spirit whispers," how they cheer us,
Pilgrims on the heavenly way;
Falling like the gentle murmurs
From the land of endless day.

2 "Spirit whispers," gentle whispers,
Whispers of the sainted band;
Coming o'er the swollen waters,
From the bright and golden strand.

3 "Spirit whispers," blessed whispers,
Falling gently on our ears;
Coming from the land elysian,
Quelling all our rising fears.

4 Now I long to join the ransomed,
Loved ones who have gone before;
Meet them at the throne eternal,
Meet them where we'll part no more.

100 I'M ALONE. 12s.

Page 74, "Last Words"

1 I'm alone in the world, I am weary of life,
I am tired of the struggle, the battle and strife;
For the end of my journey is drawing in sight,
And I long to go home to the land of delight.

Refrain.

I'm alone, I'm alone,
I'm alone in the world, I'm alone.

2 My companions and friends have all gone on before,
Now they wait to receive me on Canaan's bright shore;
I am following on and I soon shall be there,
I shall rest in those mansions so bright and so fair.

3 I'm alone in the world, but my Saviour is near,
He will comfort my heart, He will quell every fear;
He will lead me through Jordan, with him I'll be blest,
He'll conduct me to glory and give me sweet rest.

101. 8s & 7s.

HOLD OUT TO THE LAST FOR JESUS.

Page 53, "Last Words."

1 "Hold out to the last for Jesus,"
Hold out with a purpose true;
Until from our sins He frees us—
Hold out till the crown we view.

Refrain.

Hold out to the last, hold out to the last,
Hold out to the last for Jesus;
Hold out to the last, hold out to the last,
Hold out to the last for Jesus.

2 "Hold out to the last for Jesus,"
Stand up for the truth and right;
Oh, let this spirit now seize us
To win in the hottest fight.

3 "Hold out to the last for Jesus,"
Hold on to the cross that's given;
In trials and woe He sees us,
Hold on: there's a crown in heaven.

Note—"Hold out to the last for Jesus." Dying message of Mrs. M. L. Kelley to her granddaughter, Mrs. Daisy Lambuth, a daughter of Rev. D. C. Kelley, D.D., on her going to China as a missionary. The author after preaching one night for Dr. Kelley in his church at Gallatin, Tenn., sang this song which affected Dr. Kelley very deeply, and rising up gave us his hand and said: "Brother Dale, by the help of God, I will hold out to the very last for Jesus."

102. **TEMPERANCE BATTLE HYMN.** 6s & 4s.
Tune, "Olivet."

(See No. 198 in "The Gospel Shower.")

1 Great God, lift up Thy hand
Our foes in many a band,
Are marching on;
Oh, come our land to save,
See how their banners wave,
In triumph o'er the brave,
Now dead and gone.

2 Almighty God, draw near,
Their hosts we will not fear,
If Thou art nigh;
Oh, bless our temperance band,
And help us firm to stand,
And save our native land,
O God most High.

3 Do Thou our children save
From sinking in the wave,
Protect the right;
Wilt Thou defend our coasts
Against their threatening boasts,
Protect us, God of hosts,
By Thy great might.

103. **LORD, BLESS OUR TEMPERANCE BAND.** S. M.
Tune, Boylston.

1 Lord, bless our temperance band,
Our chosen sons defend;
Protect our heaven-favored land,
And guide us to the end.

2 Let drunkenness and vice
Be banished from our land,
And holy songs of triumph rise
From our united band.

3 Let temperance swell the breeze,
And spread the earth around,
Till distant lands beyond the seas
Shall echo back the sound.

4 Till every tribe and tongue
Shall temperance laws obey;
And all mankind with cheerful song
Regard the glorious day.

104. C. M. with Chorus.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN BOY.

No. 191, "Gospel Showers."

1 I am a little orphan boy,
I'm left without a friend;
I've nothing now to give me joy,
And no one to defend.

Chorus.
I'm a little orphan boy,
I'm a little friendless boy;
My mother died when I was small,
I'm a little orphan boy.

2 My father drank until he died,
He drank up all his store;
We saw him sink beneath the tide,
He sank to rise no more.

3 My mother left without a home,
Soon died of broken heart;
And I was left all sad and lone,
'Twas sad from her to part.

4 She laid her hand upon my head,
And breathed a fervent prayer;
"The Lord be kind to thee," she said,
"And grant His constant care."

5 I've wandered far away from where
My mother sleeps so low;
I never more shall meet her here,
No matter where I go.

6 Vile rum has caused me all this woe,
And killed my peace and joy;
And now I'm left without a friend,
A little orphan boy.

105. **THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.** C. M.

Matt. 3:13-17. Tune, "Ortonville."
(See No. 156 in "Gospel Melodies," and No. 55 in "The Songs of Zion.")

1 The Baptist by the Jordan stood
In wonder and surprise,
While he the Christ, the Son of God,
Did solemnly baptise.

2 But "suffer it to be so now,"
The blessed Saviour said,
For to fulfill the law I came,
And now I bow my head.

3 In holy rite He yielded there
Obedience to the law;
While John the limpid water poured,
With holy, reverent awe.

4 The glistening drops in sunlight shone
Upon His sacred crown;
Then coursing one another flowed
Upon His garments down.

5 The Spirit then, celestial Dove,
Upon Him did descend;
The emblem of eternal love,
Our guide unto the end.

6 And lo! a voice from heaven was heard,
And there it did proclaim,
"This is my well beloved Son,
In whom well pleased I am."

7 O thou beloved Son of God,
My Prophet, Priest and King;
Help me to spread Thy praise abroad,
Thy glorious name to sing.

106. THE SAME SUBJECT. L. M.

Matt. 3:13-17. Tune, Mt. Olivet.
A Metrical Paraphrase.

1 From Galilee the Saviour came,
His priestly office for to claim;
For "thirty was the age" and He
Our Priest must consecrated be.

2 But John, not understanding why
He came, forbade Him; saying, I
Have need to be baptized of Thee,
And comest Thou, Thyself, to me?

3 But "suffer it to be so now,"
The blessed Saviour did avow,
For I must do my Father's will,
And all His righteous law fulfill.

4 Then John the Baptist understood
He wished to enter the Priesthood,
Then "suffered" all that He required,
And so "fulfilled" all He desired.

5 With hyssop branch the Baptist shed
The falling water on His head;
And then the Spirit like a dove
Descended on Him from above.

6 And lo! a voice from heaven was heard,
Proclaiming Christ to be the Lord;
The Father's only Son is He,
And our Redeemer He shall be.

7 Thus sprinkled He our Priest became
To bear our sins in His own name,
Anointed by the Spirit's grace,
He stands before the Father's face.

8 In heaven our Great High Priest appears,
And all our griefs and sorrows bears;
He pleads our cause before the throne,
And makes our wants and sorrows known.

9 In every sorrow of the heart,
The Man of Grief still bears a part;
He knows the meaning of each sigh,
Though now gone up above the sky.

10 O Thou beloved Son of God,
Help me to spread Thy praise abroad;
And all Thy matchless grace to sing,
Thou wondrous Prophet, Priest and King.

107. 8s & 7s, Peculiar.

ON THE HILLS OF GLORY.

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" Rev. 7:13.

1 Encamped on the hills of glory,
The saints of the Lord now dwell;
And shout as they tell the story
Of how they were saved from hell.
Of how they were saved from hell,
Of how they were saved from hell;
And shout as they tell the story,
Of how they were saved from hell.

2 The Prophets of God adore Him,
Apostles and martyrs, too;
Together they bow before Him,
And give Him the praise that's due.
And give Him the praise that's due,
An dgive Him the praise that's due;
Together they bow before Him,
And give Him the praise that's due.

3 And there are the pure and holy,
Redeemed from the curse of sin;
Yea, all of the poor and lowly,
Through Jesus made white and clean.
Through Jesus made white and clean,
Through Jesus made white and clean;
Yea, all of the poor and lowly,
Through Jesus made white and clean.

4 Our friends who have gone before us,
Now stand by the glassy sea;
And soon we shall swell the chorus,
And join in their ecstacy.
And join in their ecstacy,
And join in their ecstacy;
And soon we shall swell the chorus,
And join in their ecstacy.

5 I'm longing to dwell with Jesus,
Who suffered and died for me;
Who died, and from sin now frees us,
And gives us the victory.
And gives us the victory,
And gives us the victory;
Who died ,and from sin now frees us,
And gives us the victory.

Begun on June 30, 1916, and finished on July 1.

108. THERE IS JOY AMONG THE ANGELS.

Luke 15:7, 10.

(Written at the suggestion of Chas. Edw. Pollock, Jefferson City, Mo., who wrote the music.)

1 There is joy among the angels who surround the throne above,
When the sinner comes repenting of his sin;
And the Father graciously receives him in His arms of love,
And the Saviour lovingly admits him in.

Chorus.

There is joy . . . among the angels,
There is joy . . . among the angels;
There is joy . . . among the angels,
When a soul returns to Jesus and is saved.

2 There's great joy among the saints who fill the heavenly courts on high;
When they see a brother, sister—some dear friend;
Coming back to Jesus, and with contrite heart for mercy cry;
Oh, 'tis then that blessings sweet on all descend.

3 Yes, there's joy, abundant joy, among the saints who dwell below,
When they see their friends returning back to God;
Oh, the shouts, the joyful shouts, from happy hearts with love aglow,
And the tidings, happy tidings, fly abroad.

Written December, 1916.

109. ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND.

1 "We have met today on the Old Camp Ground,"
Where our Fathers met long years ago;
While our happy songs evermore abound,
And our hearts with praises overflow.

Chorus.

We will sing . . . Praise the Lord,
Hallelujah . . . praise the Lord;
Let the joyful anthems swell;
We will strike the happy notes,
And His praises we will tell,
We will sing with sweet accord.

2 "We have met today on the Old Camp Ground,"
And our shouts of glory fill the air,
There's a stirring up as the Lord comes down,
And His people gather from afar.

3 "We have met today on the Old Camp Ground,"
Oh, the joy of fellowship so sweet;
Now our joyful lips shall His praise resound,
With our hearts in unison complete.

4 "We have met today on the Old Camp Ground,"
And we've met in Jesus' blessed name;
Here Almighty God, let Thy thunder sound,
And Thy Great and Mighty Spirit flame.

5 "We have met today on the Old Camp Ground,"
And we've met to plan and work and pray;
Let Thy mercies rich, here, O Lord, be found,
At Thy holy altars day by day.

Written January 3, 1907.

PART IV.

ORIGINAL POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS FOR HOME-READING.

1. ÆOLIAN MUSIC, OR SONG OF THE WINDS.

I.

Waft, waft abroad, ye winds, the sound,
The plaintive notes echoing round,
That make our burdened hearts rebound
With mingled joy and sorrow sweet:
Hail! hail! ye sighing winds that sweep
Athwart the dreary path we keep,
And wail for those who calmly sleep,
Your softest music now repeat.

II.

Soft, soft let sweetest music swell,
With murmuring sounds that charm so well,
Release the heart and break the spell,
And still the risings of the breast;
Speak, speak to the burdened sons of grief,
To breaking hearts, O! bring relief,
Who like the fading, falling leaf,
Are seeking for a place of rest.

III.

Come, ye sighing winds, and tell
What troubles in my bosom dwell,
And all my doubtful thoughts dispel,
And silence every rising fear;
Hark! hark! what are those plaintive tones?
They are the sighs which nature moans,
In sympathy with sorrowing ones—
Aeolian music strikes my ear.

IV.

Oft. oft in scenes of busy life,
Amid the cares of worldly strife,
With sorrow and with trouble rife,
I've listened to your plaintive tones;
Far, far from home I pensive sigh,

My home that lies beyond the sky,
And thither turn my longing eyes—
That home of all the sorrowing ones.

V.

But there's a song—a sweeter song,
A song which angels never sung,
A song which dwells upon the tongue
Of saints redeemed by blood divine;
Take up a Psalm, a lofty Psalm,
Of nature tired, a soothing balm,
And all your griefs and sorrows calm,
And sweetly rest at mercy's shrine.

VI.

Hush! hush! ye sighing sons of earth,
And change your sorrow into mirth,
A day of bright and heavenly birth,
Shall dawn upon this dark abode;
Still! still the troubles of your breast,
And calm your griefs and fears to rest,
And seek communion with the blest,
Who seek their fellowship with God.

Lebanon, Tenn., December 26, 1875.

2. TO MY "ALMA MATER."

(Written upon receiving the Degree of Bachelor of Divinity from Cumbreland University, Lebanon, Tenn., June 8, 1876. The old college building was burned down during the Civil War. The University then adopted the motto: "E cineribus resurgo," from the ashes I arise. Hence, the allusions in this poem, "From the ashes thou art rising," etc.

I.

Waking! waking! grandly waking,
From thy slumbers thou art breaking,
Now thyself from ashes shaking,
Rise and shine as in the past;
Rising! rising! grandly rising,
From the ashes thou art rising,
Friends and foes thou art surprising
All thy fetters from thee cast.

II.

Leaping! leaping! grandly leaping,
From the bed thou hast been keeping,
Now the news is grandly sweeping,
Thou art shining bright once more:
Shining! shining! grandly shining,

Brighter from a sad declining,
Beauty round thy name is twining,
  Brighter than in days of yore.

III.

Singing! singing! grandly singing,
From the ashes thou art springing,
And the notes of praise are ringing
  O'er the land that gave thee birth;
Keeping! keeping! sons are keeping,
Faith for thee through nights of weeping,
While the ages on are sweeping,
  They shall rise and tell thy worth.

IV.

Coming! coming! sons are coming,
Now they're rising, proudly looming,
And thy praise are sweetly humming,
  Glad as birds upon the wing:
Sounding! sounding! grandly sounding,
Shouts of praise aloud resounding,
Set our joyful hearts rebounding,
  While the very welkins ring.

3. **BIRTHDAY REFLECTIONS.**

On the author's thirty-first birthday.

I.

How swift the years are rolling on,
  Which bear us down life's surging stream;
My days on earth will soon have gone,
  This life is but an empty dream.

II.

It seems but yesterday that I
  Was sporting by my father's side,
A child of glee and vanity,
  Nor did I dread what might betide.

III.

My boyish hopes how bright were they,
  And how delusive were all my joys;
But these have all been borne away—
  Their memory now my heart employs.

IV.

In mirthful glee I've sported oft
  Across the lawn arrayed in green;
And listened to the music soft,
  From the birds that in the boughs were seen.

V.

Full oft I've wandered far away
  O'er mountains tall and valleys low;
And faintly I recall today
  Those scenes afar of long ago.

VI.

The places that I loved so well,
  Through memory's vision I behold;
The hill-side steep and mossy dell,
  And brookt hat through the meadows rolled.

VII.

With sisters fair I loved to rove,
  And spend the evening on the lea;
Or take them to the shady grove,
  And spend the time in youthful glee.

VIII.

My brothers then were at my side,
  Oh, how I miss their presence now;
We went to prayer at eventide,
  And all together we would bow.

IX.

The Psalm of praise my father sung,
  When round the altar we had met;
The prayer he offered on his tongue,
  All these are in my memory yet.

X.

My mother's gentle words I hear,
  As when she taught me how to pray;
O! how I love that name so dear,
  It shall with me forever stay.

XI.

Those happy scenes of vanished years,
  Though buried with the ages gone,
I call to mind with flowing tears,
  As in my journey I go on.

XII.

Roll on, O time ,thy billows roll,
  And bear me to Immanuel's land;
Then I will feast my raptured soul,
  When I shall in God's palace stand.

Lebanon, Tenn., February 20, 1876.

4. LINES ON THE DEATH OF TENNIE STUART BRIGHAM.

(The subject of this poem, a sister of the Rev. D. A. Brigham, was born March, 1851, and died December 13, 1873. She was a member of Well's Creek congregation of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. She died in the triumphs of a living faith. Her memory is blest.)

I.

On the banks beyond the river,
Where the trees of life do grow;
We shall meet no more to sever,
Meet where tears shall never flow:
Oh, yes Tennie,
We shall meet to part no more.

II.

When in childhood, sister Tennie,
We both sported side by side;
Then my sorrows were not many,
But they come since thou hast died.
Yet in heaven
Everlasting joys abide.

III.

I can give thee up, my sister,
Since that thou art fully blest;
For I know the blessed Master,
Has received thee into rest:
And with linen
White and clean thou now art drest.

IV.

Far beyond the tempest's roaring,
I can see thy gentle form;
Upward now thy spirit's soaring,
Free from fear and all alarm—
Lovely as a
Shining rainbow in the storm.

5. LINES ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE ALBERT F. RAWLS.

(The subject of this poem was a sprightly little cherub. His merry laugh sent a thrill of joy to the hearts of his parents. But now his angelic voice is ringing through the courts of heaven. There he is "waiting and watching at the beautiful gate."
"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." 2 Sam. 12:23.

I.

Yes, I shall go to him at last,
When all my conflicts here are past;

Though he can not come back to me,
My darling child again I'll see.

II.

When all the storms of life are o'er,
And I shall stand on Canaan's shore;
My darling Albert there I'll meet,
Before my Saviour's sacred seat.

III.

Among the trees of Paradise—
Those groves of sweet and lasting bliss;
We'll ever rove with new delight,
Led on by hosts of angels bright.

IV.

On yon bright elysian plains,
Where bright the tide of glory reigns;
My sainted child, arrayed in white,
Is walking with the sons of light.

V.

Reclining in those heavenly bowers—
A land much happier than ours,
My loving Albert doth repose,
Secure from earthly strife and woes.

VI.

Among the saints in endless day,
Methinks I hear my Albert say—
"Papa, I can not come to thee,
But thou at last canst come to me."

VII.

"Oh! yonder comes my father now,
And yonder comes my mother, too:"
"Albert, sweet Albert, thee we've found.
Now let the heavens with praise resound."

(His last words were, "Pa, you know I love Jesus." He is with the angels now, for all who love Jesus go to dwell wiht God.)

6. LINES ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE WILLIE C. STEWART.

I.

"Oh! where has little Willie gone?
Say, father, where is he?"
"He's gone to dwell at God's right hand,
In blest eternity.

II.

Oh! where is little Willie now?
Say, mother, is he blest?"
"Oh! yes, my child, for in that land
The weary are at rest."

III.

He once was sitting by our side,
A hapy child was he;
But now in heaven, that sunlit clime,
He waits for you and me.

IV.

On yonder bright elysian plains,
Where joy forever flows,
His deathless spirit now is free,
Nor sin nor sorrow knows.

V.

In happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
His pains and sufferings o'er;
Transplanted by the hand of God,
He lives to die no more.

Lebanon, Tenn., Apri, 1873.

7. LINES IN MEMORY OF LITTLE ELLA MAY PHAGAN.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom." Isa 40:11. (Published in "Last Words, or Spirit Whispers," 1878. See page 8. Music by Chas. Edw. Pollock.)

I.

Sweet Ella May has died and gone,
She's with the angel band;
And safe before th' eternal throne,
She stands with harp in hand.

Chorus.

Sweet Ella May has passed away;
She's joined the angel band;
With seraphs bright, all clad in white,
She roams the heavenly land.

II.

Just like a flower that blooms and dies,
So passed this lovely flower,

And soaring passed beyond the skies,
On angel wings upborne.

III.

That lovely flower, so bright and fair,
In all the glow of health;
With dimpled cheeks and beauty rare,
Cut down, I see, by death.

IV.

But in that bright elysian plain,
Where verdure never dies,
That lovely flower shall bloom again,
And thrive above the skies.

V.

Yes, in the Paradise of God,
Transplanted by His hand;
This tender plant shall thrive and grow,
To cheer Immanuel's land.

VI.

She's gone to meet her father there,
And now in his embrace—
She cries, "Mother, sweet mother, dear,
Come to this happy place."

Lebanon, Tenn., April, 1873.

8. LINES ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE MARY EMMA MARSHALL.

This lovely rosebud, nipped by the autumnal frosts, has withered away from the parent stock, no more to cheer or please until the great vernal when earth and sea shall deliver up their dead, and humanity come forth in immortal bloom.

I.

Oh! where is little Emma?
She's with the angel band;
She's gone to dwell with Jesus,
And roam the "better land."

II.

Yes, in the fields elysian,
Where joy forever flows;
There dwells her deathless spirit,
Nor sin nor srrow knows.

III.

She stands amid the harpers
Who fill the courts above;

And sings the joyful anthem
Of sweet redeeming love.

IV.

And there the blessed Saviour
Shall lead her by the hand
To streams of living waters,
Which course the heavenly land.

V.

For He, the gentle Shepherd,
Shall call His sheep by name;
And safely in His bosom
Enfold the tender lamb.

VI.

Oh! what a consolation,
That Christ will stoop to bless
Our little lambs so precious,
And take them to His breast.

VII.

Then dry thy tears, fond mother,
Thy child shall live again;
And in those happy mansions,
Be free from every pain.

VIII.

Yes, in those shining regions
Hath Christ prepared a home
For all His faithful children,
And there they all shall come.

9. WILLIE AT THE RIVER.

Lines written on the death of Willie G. Dale, son of Rev. W. T. and Mrs. L. J. Dale.

I.

While standing by the river-side,
We listened to the rolling tide,
With Willie clinging to our side,
While angry waves dashed at our feet;
We listened to the fearful gale,
We heard the flapping of the sail,
The oars that brought the "boatman pale,"
And then our child grew strangely sweet.

II.

The "boatman" landed on that night,
And entered by the fading light,

He claimed our child as his by right,
And put him in his little bark;
And while he struck the fatal blow,
Our hearts with grief did overflow,
We saw our little Willie go,
And then our light grew strangely dark.

III.

We could not see him reach that land,
Nor hear the music of the band,
Who met him on the silver strand,
And o'er him spread their snowy wings:
Yet we will sing in accents sweet,
For now his little weary feet,
With angels walk the golden street,
While he his little sonnet sings.

IV.

He's gone to live with Christ on high,
In mansions built above the sky,
And thither would my spirit fly,
And meet him at the throne above:
Arrayed in linen clean and white,
He stands among the sons of light,
Who stand arrayed in raiment bright,
And tune their harps to songs of love.

V.

Far up the shining path he strays,
And tunes his harp to solemn lays,
To spread abroad the Saviour's praise,
In strains melodious. soft and sweet:
Oh! happy, blessed child is he,
From sin and death and sorrow free,
With Christ he shall forever be,
And rest his little weary feet.

10. WILLIE BEYOND THE RIVER.

By Dr. N. H. Murrey.

Suggested by "Willie at the River," as published in The Ladies' Pearl, for January, 1878, and is dedicated by the writer to Willie's father and mother, Rev. W. T. and Mrs. L. J. Dale,

I.

The boatman pale with dripping oar,
Had scarcely touched the golden shore,
Where he had often been before,
Ere Willie struck the strand:
A band of angels waited there—

A band of angels bright and fair—
To bid him in their rapture share,
In Eden's happy land.

II.

Then Willie spread his pinions bright,
All radiant with celestial light,
And upward mounted in his flight,
To reach the pearly gate:
And as he soared on cherub wing,
He heard the heavenly arches ring,
With hallelujahs to the King,
Where happy seraphs wait.

III.

There angels take him by the hand,
And bid him join their happy band,
To roam the fields of glory land,
And worship God their King:
A golden, starry crown he wears,
And in his little hand he bears
A harp that glitters like the stars,
While vaulted arches ring.

IV.

Then why grow sad while brooding o'er
That vision on the distant shore,
Your child has only gone before
To be forever blest?
O would you call him back again
To this dark world of grief and pain,
Where sin and death, and sorrow reign,
To mar his peaceful rest?

V.

The boatman pale ere long will call,
And bring the summons for us all,
Then old and young alike must fall,
And cross the rolling tide;
O! may we all in safety moor
Upon that peaceful, happy shore,
Where death and parting come no more,
And stand by Willie's side.

11. LINES ON THE DEATH OF WILLIE G. DALE.

By Rev. O. E. Hart.

He was a precious jewel, too bright to live in this vale of tears, but fitted to sing glad anthems in glory. A golden flower, blooming like the rose, and at its appointed time to close its eyes to the scenes of this world. He has gone to rest beneath the shade of the Tree of Life, and drink of the crystal stream that flows by the throne of God. May his dear mother and father think not of the mortality in the tomb, but look beyond where the little one now stands, on the sea of glass, calling, with his angel voice, and bidding them come through the tears of this life, to meet him on the verdant plains of glory, where there shall be no more sin, sorrow or death; but where all is love, joy and peace, for: "They shall go to him, but he shall not return to them."

I.

One night in January last, (*Jan. 29, 1874.)
While round us blew a chilling blast;
The blasts of deat hwith fiercer gale,
Blew from our grasp dear Willie Dale.

II.

O! solemn scene, around that bed,
When God his gentle spirit led
Away from earth, its woes and care,
The glories of bright heaven to share.

III.

He looked too sweet to breathe his last,
And be from us forever cast—
"Forever," did I wrongly say?
He shall with God forever stay.

IV.

While he his breath drew short and fast,
W esang a song for him, the last, (**Jewels")
It led our thoughts from earth away,
And told us Christ would come one day.

V.

I took him up within my arms,
His face aglow with heavenly charms;
We laid him out in beauteous white,
While dimly glowed the fading light.

VI.

No wonder his dear mother wept
For him who now so calmly slept;
Oh! weep thou not for him who died,
But draw thee near the Saviour's side.

VII.

No more on earth his form shall grow,
For he is laid in coffin low;
While mother, father, friends and all,
From sorrowing eyes their tears do call.

VIII.

Then from the preacher's gentle voice,
(***Rev. W. H. Darnall)
Came words that made our hearts rejoice;
He told us of the truth most blest,
"We all shall enter into rest."

IX.

See how that moving hearse doth bear
His body free from every care;
For his immortal soul has fled,
The streets of Paradise to tread.

X.

And listen to that old church bell,
How it peals forth the awful knell;
How solemnly its accents say,
"Ye mortals all shall pass this way."

XI.

We placed him in the ground so low,
O'er which sweet buds and blossoms grow;
And covered o'er his silent breast,
But ne'er disturbed the sleeper's rest.

XII.

Dear parents, weep not at your loss,
But think of Christ's redeeming cross;
Consider not that lonely tomb,
But look to his immortal bloom.

XIII.

Your infant Willie's soul has fled,
His body's numbered with the dead;
His voice no more on earth is given,
Yet sweet the thought, he rests in heaven.

XIV.

He was indeed a jewel bright,
That shed on all its rays of light;
No sin was in his tender breast,
We're sure that he has gone to rest.

XV.

A child, the sweetest of earth's joys,
No more we'll hear his prattling noise;
But on the sea of glass, to all
He will in tenderest accents call.

XVI.

There, free from every sin and care,
He will the joys of heaven share;
There in the palace of his God,
He will His glories ever laud.

XVII.

Help us, Lord, to be most sure,
That we are in Thy love secure;
That standing on the steadfast Rock,
We may be numbered with Thy flock.

XVIII.

And when life's labors all are o'er,
We'll meet our boy on the golden shore;
And join with him in endless praise,
Chanting to Thee our glorious lays.

Lebanon, Tenn., March 5, 1874.

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*"Jewels."
**Rev. W. H. Darnall.

12. THREE YEARS IN HEAVEN.

The crib which rocked to and fro is now still. The little armed chair is unused. The little kittie with which Willie used to play is still here, but seems forsaken and forlorn. The toys which he used to handle are laid on the shelf. That sweet voice, which once sent a thrill of joy to our hearts, is silent; and that prattling noise which once made our home ring with gladness is heard no more. Those eyes are forever closed, and those little hands and feet are rigid in death. Not a vestige of his lovely form remains to us, save a lock of flaxen hair and the portrait on the wall.

I.

Three years ago he went to heaven,
Three years ago our hearts were riven;
Three years ago we ceased to hear,
His ringing voice our hearts to cheer.

II.

He was our first, our only child,
His every action sweet and mild;
Two summers bright had passed away,
But he was brighter far than they.

III.

But ere his second year had closed,
On Jesus' bosom he reposed;
And now our hearts in sadness yearn,
For days gone by which ne'er return.

IV.

Three years in heaven, that happy home,
Where sin and sorrow never come;
And while we mourn his absence here,
He dwells in glorious rapture there.

V.

Three years among the angels bright,
Who dwell enwrapt in glorious light;
With cherubim and seraphim
How blest and happy he has been.

VI.

What lessons he has learned from them,
There in the New Jerusalem!
With knowledge true he grows more bright,
There in that land of living light.

VII.

Reclining gently on His breast;
Three years with the Redeemer blest,
While to the rich and verdant meads,
The lambs the Saviour kindly leads.

VIII.

Three years with Christ, the Saviour dear,
Whose hand will softly wipe each tear;
And kindly to His gentle breast,
Our loving child is gently pressed.

IX.

Three years with Jesus, blessed thought!
Besides whose love all else is naught;
"Oh! let the little children come.
And find with me a happy home."

X.

He often wept while here below,
He suffered much of pain and woe;
But now he feels no pain up there,
Nor ever sheds a single tear.

XI.

While here he loved the sound of song,
Now there he joins the choral throng;
He takes his harp and sings and plays,
And pours around the joyful lays.

XII.

I would not call him back again,
For now he's free from sin and pain;
And though his vacant chair we see,
He's happy in eternity.

Molino, Tenn., Jan. 29, 1877.

13. LITTLE WILLIE'S TOMB.

The 3rd, 4th, 5th, 9th and 10th stanzas are to be found in "Last Words, or Spirit Whispers," page 59.

I.

"Say, father, is this Willie's tomb?
And is my brother resting here?
Shall naught awake the silent gloom,
That gathers round his body there?"

II.

"Yes, Oscar, this is Willie's grave,
Your brother rests beneath that mound;
And naught shall wake the silence save
The trumpet that shall shake the ground."

III.

The wailing winds sweep o'er his mound,
The chilling blasts of winter come;
But ne'er disturb his rest profound,
He sweetly sleeps beneath the tomb.

IV.

In spring the roses sweetly bloom,
And pour their fragrance on the air;
A sleeper lies within that tomb,
But naught awakes the silence there.

V.

Oh! could I lay my weary head
Upon that grassy mound today;
I'd muse among the silent dead,
And softly wake the mournful lay.

VI.

Perchance above that lonely grave,
The sweet wild grass and blossoms grow;

The purest gifts God ever gave,
In tribute to the dust below.

VII.

Oh! dreamless dust, oh! sacred dust,
Oh, precious child to heaven gone;
Hard it seems that thy body must
In silence lie and sleep alone.

VIII.

Oh! stainless soul, with angels bright,
Who gather round the throne above;
And roam o'er fields of living light,
In that blest land of peace and love.

IX.

Revolving yèars shall pass away,
The changing seasons come and go,
Ere I shall reach eternal day,
Where waves of light forever flow.

X.

Come, gentle zephyrs, breathe your lays,
On this sad heart of mine today;
For now I think of other days,
And of that grave so far away.

Molino, Tenn., February 15, 1877.

14. LITTLE ROSALIE EMMA DALE.

(Infant daughter of J. H. and M. E. Dale.)

Rosalie, as her name indicates, was a little "blooming rose," but too soon nipped by the frost in the buddings of tender infancy. She has been transplanted into the paradise of God, there to thrive in immortal beauty, and never, never die. She'll shed a sweeter fragrance there, because planted in a more fruitful soil. As a lamb, the Seviour has gently reached down His own kind hand and taken her to His upper fold, where He will kindly watch over her and care for her. He will lead her by the hand to streams of living waters, and in the midst of green pastures. In her robe of snowy white she is "waiting and watching" on the beautiful shore.

I.

Ye sighing winds, take up the wail,
Ye warblers, borne upon the gale,
Let each repeat the doleful tale,
"Sweet Emma sleeps beneath the tomb;"
Her body rests beneath the sod,
Around that grave our feet have trod,
But now her spirit rests with God,
She's free from sorrow, sin and gloom.

II.

Her disembodied spirit stands
Among the bright angelic bands,
And there she claps her little hands,
  And loud her lovely sonnet sings;
She stands arrayed in raiment white,
A happy singing child of light,
Above the range of mortal sight,
  She's poised upon her snowy wings.

III.

She walks along the golden shore,
With friends and loved ones gone before,
Where parting shall be known no more,
  And there she's watching till we come.
Oh! what a joyful, happy time,
When we shall reach that blissful clime,
For now the shining way we climb,
  And soon we'll reach our heavenly home.

IV.

A few more pains, a few more throes,
A few more tears, a few more woes,
And then our pilgrimage shall close,
  And we shall meet on Canaan's shore;
A few more partings here be given,
A few more ties of friendship riven,
And we shall be at rest in heaven,
  And part again, no, never more.

College Grove, Tenn., May 1, 1877.

15. LINES ON THE DEATH OF WILLIE C. PARKER.

Willie was amiable in his disposition, and beloved by all who knew him. He loved to go to church. He was often called the "Little Preacher." He was always ready to contribute to the support of the gospel. Oh! that other little boys would imitate his example in this regard. His favorite song was, "Asleep in Jesus," and now he is sweetly resting in the arms of his Saviour. Parents, brothers and only sister, "sorrow not," "for he is not dead but sleepeth."

I.

Softly! thy brother's dying,
  His tender frame must bow;
For now the death-dew's lying,
  Upon his pallid brow.

II.

And now the tears are streaming,
  And down our cheeks they roll;

But glory bright is beaming
Upon his raptured soul.

III.

"He is not dead, but sleepeth,"
My loving Willie, dear;
But yet my heart it weepeth,
I shed the bitter tear.

IV.

And now his spirit's flying
Up to a world above;
Where verdant plains are lying,
And all the air is love.

V.

List! list! the angels singing,
As wide they ope the door;
And heávenly mansions ringing
As their full song they pour.

VI.

With all God's sons and daughters,
And now to living waters,
And to fertile mead;
They will him gently lead.

VII.

"Oh! Willie, art thou singing?
My gentle, loving boy?"
"Oh! yes, my voice is ringing,
In this bright world of joy."

VIII.

"I was a pilgrim stranger,
While on the earth below;
But now I'm free from danger,
Nor sin nor sorrow know.

IX.

"You know on earth I told you
That I was going home;
Many angel arms enfold you,
While there you sadly roam.

X.

"Dear father, mother ,sister,
I long to see you all;

Telitha! how I've missed her,
For her in vain I call.

XI.

"At heaven's door I'm waiting,
I watch along the shore;
And soon will come the greeting,
We'll meet to part no more."

West Harpeth, Tenn., Dec. 18, 1876.

16. LITTLE FRANKIE COVINGTON.

(Dedicated to Frankie's father and mother, Mr. M. P. and Mrs. M. R. Covington, College Grove, Tenn.)

I.

Could you have seen your little Frankie,
While passing up the shining way,
Escorted by a band of angels,
Who led him on to endless day.

II.

Could you have seen the mazy pinions,
Which bore him up to glory bright;
Which sped him on the shining pathway
Beyond the beauteous stars of night.

III.

Could you hear the angel's anthem
Just as he entered heaven's door;
Could you have seen him meet grandfather,
Grandfather gone, long since before.

IV.

You would not call him back from heaven,
To this dark world of sin and pain;
For while we miss him round the hearthstone,
Our loss is his eternal gain.

V.

Now freed from pain, and sin and sorrow,
He's happy in Immanuel's love;
And far beyond these lower regions,
He's dwelling in the world above.

VI.

Adieu! adieu! sweet darling Frankie,
Thy lovely voice we'll hear no more;
Until we reach the shining mansions,
Until we gain the golden shore.

Arrington, Tenn., 1877.

17. THE HUSBAND AND FATHER BIDDING FAREWELL TO WIFE AND CHILDREN.

I.

My bosom friend, my darling dear,
Our parting hour is drawing near;
My days on earth, how quick they've fled,
I soon shall slumber with the dead.

II.

To mother earth return I must,
And mingle with my kindred dust;
Corruption shall this flesh consume,
And all shall perish in the tomb.

III.

When I have breathed my dying breath,
And earth to me is lost in death;
My soul shall quit this vale of tears,
And dwell with Christ through endless years.

IV.

Our fellowship on earth is sweet,
But when we shall each other meet
In joyous realms of endless day,
Our sorrows all shall flee away.

V.

For thee I'll wait at heaven's gate,
As moaning dove for absent mate;
And in that land so bright and fair,
I'll be the first to hail thee there.

VI.

Upon that bright and golden shore,
We'll strike our hands to part no more;
And there forever we shall roam
Through mansions of our heavenly home.

VII.

There in that city of our King,
We'll evermore His praises sing;
Well strike aloud the sounding chord,
And wake the praises of the Lord.

VIII.

Farewell, my wife, farewell today,
I must be gone, I can not stay;

And when united in that land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

IX.

Farewell, my children, we must part,
You draw like chords around my heart;
Beyond the river we shall meet,
And join our hands in union sweet.

X.

Oh! meet your father in that land,
And let us form the same dear band;
Together now around the throne,
And join in songs before unknown.

XI.

Farewell, my friends, farewell to all,
I must obey the Master's call—
Oh! may we meet in heaven above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.

XII.

Farewell to pleasure and to mirth,
To all the vanities of earth;
In mansions bright I soon shall dwell;
Farewell to all, a last farewell.

Lebanon, Tenn., March, 1876.

18. THE WIFE AND MOTHER BIDDING FAREWELL TO HUSBAND AND CHILDREN.

I.

All hail! ye fair celestial shores,
Your glory on my vision pours;
My failing eyes shall soon behold
Those streets all paved with purest gold.

II.

There endless beauty spreads around,
And naught but endless joy is found;
There streams of pleasure ever roll,
And there I soon shall rest my soul.

III.

The gloomy vale of death I tread,
I soon shall sleep among the dead;
My last and fiercest strife is nigh,
O God, be with me when I die.

IV.

Safe in His arms I calmly rest,
I lean my head on Jesus' breast;
He'll bear me o'er the swelling tide.
And land me safe on Canaan's side.

V.

All hail! ye angel bands that come
To bear my ransomed spirit home;
On snowy wings I soon shall soar,
And reach the land of 'Evermore."

VI.

All hail! ye fair, immortal bands,
Who come to bear me on your hands
Up to the land of light and song,
Where I shall join the blood-washed throng.

VII.

There I shall join my kindred dear,
Nor ever shed the farewell tear;
No parting hand shall there be given,
For we shall ever rest in heaven.

VIII.

My loving husband, I must go,
I can not longer stay below;
For God is calling for me now,
Unto his mandates I must bow.

IX.

Farewell, my dear, a last farewell,
My love for you I can not tell;
But when we gain the golden strand,
We'll never take the parting hand.

X.

Farewell, my children, darlings dear,
To mother's heart you feel so near;
My love for you I can't express,
May God your souls expand and bless.

XI.

And now the parting hand is given,
We'll meet no more this side of heaven;

Yet, there upon the golden shore,
We'll meet again to part no more.

XII.

Farewell to this lone vale of tears,
I'm done with hopes, I'm done with fears;
Through fields elysian I shall roam;
Farewell to all, I'm going home!

West Harpeth, Tenn., Nov. 1876.

19. THE TOIL-WORN MINISTER AWAY FROM HOME ADDRESSING HIS WIFE.

I.

My bosom companion, my darling so dear,
I miss thee, I miss thee for want of thy cheer;
As on in my journey I wander alone,
Still thinking of thee, and the love thou hast shown.

II.

As on in my journey without thee I go,
I wander about in this desert of woe;
I think by the way of the days that are past,
And look to the time of the meeting at last.

III.

I'm preaching the gospel to sinners who're lost,
I'd have them to stop and to count up the cost;
They stand on the brink where flames roll beneath,
They slip o'er the verge and are swallowed by death.

IV.

Great God! see their eyes are blindfolded by sin,
They see not the flames that are rolling within;
They fear not the terrors of hell and dismay,
They rush heedless on to the great Judgment Day.

V.

Dear wife, see poor sinners are going to hell,
With devils and demons forever to dwell;
A part of the cross wilt thou help me bear,
And save these poor sinners from hell and despair?

VI.

A work is remaining for thee and for me,
Together we'll labor, together we'll be;
Together we'll live and together we'll die,
Together we'll soar to the mansions on high.

VII.

Our work shall be ended, our labors be o'er,
Together we'll rest on that beautiful shore;
Our children at home, what a joy to be there,
United again in those mansions so fair.

VIII.

Together we'll sit on a beautiful mount,
Together our labors and sorrows recount;
Together we'll triumph, together we'll sing,
And sweetly the mansions of glory shall ring.

IX.

While wandering about in this desert of woe,
From place unto place in deep sorrow I go;
I think of the pleasure of days that are gone,
For now I am sad while I'm left all alone.

X.

Thus musing I sit and think of thee, Love,
And moaning I wait as the mateless lone dove;
My loving companion, my darling art thou,
If ever I loved thee, my dearest, 'tis now.

West Harpeth, Tenn., April 11, 1877.

20. LITTLE MAY EMMA FINNEY.

Dedicated to little May's father and mother, Prof. N. J. and Mrs. Ruth L. Finney.

I.

Oh! where is little May, so dear?
She used to mingle with us here,
And fill our hearts with gladsome cheer,
In all the paths of life we trod;
But now we see her here no more,
For sure her little life is o'er,
She stands upon the golden shore,
Where angels bore her up to God.

II.

Her life was short, but full of pain,
Our loss is her eternal gain,
For with the Saviour she shall reign
In mansions beautiful and fair;
There in that land of living light,
With angels beautiful and bright,
She ever strays with new delight,
Nor sheds a tear of sorrow there.

III.

Far up the everlasting hills,
She roams beside the flowing rills,
Where rapturous joy her spirit fills;
  In Eden's land so fair and bright:
She drinks the cooling waters there,
She plucks the flowers of beauty rare,
And breathes the freighted, fragrant air,
  Regaling her with fresh delight.

IV.

When shall we leave the shores of time,
When shall we reach the heavenly clime,
And midst celestial music chime
  The praises of our God above?
Sing on, dear darling, ever sing,
And make your little harp to ring,
Pour heavenly strains from every string,
  The melting melody of love.

V.

Your mamma's coming, baby dear,
Your papa, too, will soon be there,
And Maggie, Sadie, sisters dear,
  Shall meet you 'neath the shining dome;
Adieu sweet darling, till in heaven
Our rapturous greeting shall be given,
Where friendship's ties are never riven,
  But all shall rest at home, "Sweet Home."

Note—The subject of this poem died September 28, 1877, aged one year, one month and fourteen days. She was buried in Oakwood Cemetery, near Milan, Tenn. "She is not dead but sleepeth." Her mother has gone on to join her in haeven. Her father is at this writing, November 9, 1916, President of Bethel College, C. P. Church, McKenzie, Tenn.

21. SEMI-CENTENNIAL ODE.

(Written for the Fiftieth Annual Commencement of Howard Female College, Gallatin, Tenn., June 2, 1887. Sung by Choral Class.)
Dedicated to Prof. A. M. Burney, then President of the College, than whom the college never had a more efficient and capable instructor. He died April 19, 1895. The college is under the patronage of the Odd Fellows' Order.

I.

We welcome friends from far and near,
  Who meet us here today;
We meet within these walls so dear,
  In bright and glad array.
Just fifty years have passed away,

Since first these walls were made;
And here upon our festal day,
Our tribute shall be paid.

Chorus.

Just fifty years, just fifty years,
Have swiftly sped away;
And here we meet, each one to greet,
Upon our festal day.

II.

Together bound by "Friendship's" chain,
With "Love" cemented fast,
The "Truth" and right we will maintain,
As long as life shall last;
These principles which we have learned,
Within this sacred hall;
Shall guide us through life's changing scenes,
Till we by death shall fall.

III.

Our faithful teachers we'll revere,
Their counsels wise improve;
Together walk in filial fear,
Till we shall hence remove:
And when the parting scene is past,
Until we meet in heaven.
Love's golden chain shall bind us fast,
And the last farewell given;

IV.

Our kindly welcome we repeat,
On our Centennial day;
But we shall hope to meet again,
Where parting comes no more;
We'll never all together meet,
Draw near ye friends today;
And shout aloud the glad refrain,
On Canaan's happy shore.

28. "PEACE, BE STILL."

I.

Be still, my heart, and calm thy fears,
For God on high is reigning still;
And He will guide through all thy years,
Then be submissive to His will.

II.

When days are dark and friends are few,
And clouds shall overcast thy sky;

How sweet to have a Friend that's true,
A Friend on whom we can rely.

III.

Just such a Friend is God above,
Who kindly cares for all His own;
Who sends His messages of love,
And cheers our hearts from His bright throne.

IV.

Oh! would He more of heaven bestow,
And let this earthen vessel break,
And let my ransomed spirit go,
To dwell with Him, who'll ne'er forsake.

V.

This world is full of pain and woe,
And friendship's like a broken chain;
There's naught of happiness below,
Unmixed with sorrow, toil and pain.

VI.

How oft, alas! my broken heart
Has tried to sooth itself to rest,
But nothing can such balm impart,
As His kind words, "I'll make thee blest."

VII.

We've trusted to our earthly friends,
But how uncertain is their love;
It all in disappointment ends,
When we their love and friendship prove.

VIII.

This world is all a fleeting show,
This life is to illusion given;
Whether in happiness or woe,
We find there's nothing true but heaven.

Wartrace, Tenn., Oct. 18, 1901.

JUST A YEAR AGO TODAY.

A Tribute to the Memory of Mrs. Nellie Dale Noland, who died January 28, 1909; written January 28, 1910.

I.

Just a year ago today,
Since our Nellie died, you know;
She in triumph passed away,
Just one fleeting year ago.
Just a year our Nellie dear,

Oh, how sad our hearts today;
But she's free from pain and fear,
And her tears are wiped away.

II.

Just a year in Heaven tonight,
Singing with the angels there;
Far beyond those scenes of night,
In that land so bright and fair:
Just a year,how short the time,
Yet to us it seems so long;
But she's in that happy clime,
Midst the joyous, shining throng.

III.

Just a year ago today,
But her baby's with us still;
And his prattle cheers our way,
As we climb up Zion's hill.
Soon we all shall gather home,
Where we'll never shed a tear;
When the Lord shall bid us come
To our mansion bright and fair.

IV.

What a happy time 'twill be,
When our suff'rings here are o'er;
When from sin and sorrow free,
We shall meet to part no more—
Meet to join the blood-washed throng,
In those mansions bright and fair;
There to join in joyous song ,
Where the happy angels are.

Note—Lera Nellie Dale, daughter of Rev. W. T. and Mrs. L. J. Dale, was an exemplary Christian. Her life, though short, was filled with good deeds. She was married to Robert I. Noland. One son was born of this union, Little James Dale Noland, who still survives. He was solemnly consecrated to the Lord in baptism ten hours before his mother's death, the writer performing the rite. A very solemn service in view of the approaching death of the mother, who triumphantly passed away that night.

30. MY SIXTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

Written on the Sabbath, February 22, 1910.

I.

Three score and five have passed away,
Since first I drew the breath of life;
And I am nearer home today,
Where end the years of sin and strife.

II.

Three score and five, how short the time,
To those who have a work to do:
But soon I'll reach that happy clime,
When all my labors here are through.

III.

Three score and five, how thankful I
That I have lived through all these years;
I've laid up treasures in the sky,
Amidst my labor, toils and cares.

IV.

Three score and five, how time has passed,
How quick these years have sped away;
And I shall reach my home at last,
Where I shall dwell in endless day.

V.

Three score and five have passed and gone,
And I begin another year;
Shall I behold another dawn,
Another full of gladsome cheer?

VI.

Three score and five I'll see no more;
For they have passed beyond recall;
And I am near the other shore,
And soon I'll hear the Master's call.

31. "THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN."

"The days of our years are three-score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away." Psalm 90:10.

February 20, 1845, versus February 20, 1915.

I.

I've lived my "three score years and ten,"
How soon, alas! the time has fled;
While thousands of my fellow men,
Were numbered with the silent dead.

II.

Yes, thousands who were younger far,
Have quit the walks of living men—
Have crossed beyond the "moaning bar."
While I attain "three score and ten."

III.

Shall I another decade see,
And thus attain my four score years?
Who knows what there's in store for me,
While traveling through this vale of tears?

IV.

My father reached his four score years,
And nearly four more years beside;
Shall I not reach as many years,
Ere I shall cross the swelling tide?

V.

My mother passed her "four score" mark,
As on her way to heaven she went;
Ere called to cross the billows dark,
And leave behind her folded tent.

VI.

They both have reached that shining shore,
That land so dear, of light and song;
Where saints shall dwell forevermore,
Amid the bright and holy throng.

VII.

Now I am foll'ing in the way,
The pilgrims gone before have trod;
And soon expect to see that day,
And there behold my gracious God.

VIII.

I've children, six, with mother there,
Who wait my coming by and by;
We all shall reach that land so fa'r,
Which lies beyond the deep blue sky.

IX.

Of all the friends I have in Heaven,
My Jesus is the best of all;
His life was a ransom given,
To save my soul from guilt and thrall.

X.

And when I reach that glorious land,
I'll shout his praise forevermore;
Before his throne I'll take my stand,
And there his blessed name adore.

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